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NOVEMBER

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, LX

END OF SUMMER

Painted

by

GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

NOVEMBER • 1944

MABEL LOUISE ROBINSON

and the

JUVENILE STORY WORKSHOP

By

CONSTANCE BUEL BURNETT



FOR the past twenty-five years, Dr. Mabel Louise Robinson has been on the staff of Columbia University as a teacher of professional writing, with special classes in the field of juvenile literature. Like much educational service, her work for a long time went its quiet way almost unnoticed, while her career as a writer in various fields won inevitable recognition.

Gradually, however, it was borne in upon publishers and librarians that a large number of excellent books for children and young people were emanating from a single source—Dr. Robinson's class at Columbia designated as *The Juvenile Story Workshop*. The facts are beginning to be more widely known now, of her dual rôle as author and teacher, of her exceptional critical gifts, and her outstanding record in discovering and nurturing creative talent.

The Workshop at Columbia is her unique project. From it, more than a hundred and fifty books for young people have emerged, many of them Literary Guild selections and all of them distinctly in the class of good juvenile literature.

Its output is perhaps as dear to Dr. Robinson's heart as the production of her own books—that number now enough to nearly fill a library shelf. Her personal achievement as an author is the more remarkable when one remembers that besides *The Juvenile Story Workshop*, she conducts three other classes in professional writing at Columbia, and that her first energies are unstintingly bestowed on her students.

She protects her teaching almost passionately from the inroads of other inter-

An appreciation by one of Dr. Robinson's students who has had opportunity to observe the effectiveness, first hand, of this stimulating teacher's methods



THE CHILD ON THE LEFT IS MABEL LOUISE ROBINSON AT THE AGE OF THREE

ests and obligations; she even protects it from the impact of her own creative impulse. During the winter months, she lays her writing aside. But punctually, toward the end of May, Mabel Louise Robinson keeps an appointment with her typewriter with which nothing is allowed to interfere. Anyone who has witnessed her determined departure for the Blue Hill regions of Maine, the instant college closes every spring, knows that the urge to write has reached its limit of repression.

A secret of her success is her buoyant attitude toward creative labor—always a mark of the real craftsman. She made the discovery in girlhood that to put her intellect and imagination to work was, paradoxically, a pleasure second to no other, and she has endeavored to share that knowledge with others ever since.

"You are not having fun with your writing," she will accuse a student gone stale on his project.

Even under heavy pressure, she herself learned how to make room for the kind of recreation—or re-creation—that has always brought her the deepest satisfaction. When, in 1915, she undertook a full schedule of research for the Carnegie Foundation, she was able to save for herself out of each crowded day perhaps forty-five minutes—the amount of time it took to go up and down town in a Riverside bus.

"I used to climb to the top of the bus where no one was likely to disturb me, and there I did some very concentrated thinking," she has described her method of writing at this early period. The result of those well utilized moments was the publication of her first book, a col-

lection of short stories about a girl and her collie dog. No later and more distinguished achievements have dimmed the memory of that first success and her enjoyment of it.

"One would think," objected a professor to whom she triumphantly displayed a copy of *St. Nicholas* in which the first installment of *Dr. Tam O'Shanter* appeared, "that the procuring of your doctorate would be more important to you."

Dr. Robinson, however, remains today as she was then, cheerfully unimpressed by academic accomplishment—even her own! She admits a necessity for a Doctor's degree—a dull and often barren necessity, not to be compared with the joyously rewarding one of supplying children with good fiction.

After finishing high school she attended normal school, and then taught primary grades for a short while. Although it was a foregone conclusion that she would not continue long in work which only half utilized her abilities, this elementary teaching was undertaken conscientiously and with affection, for between herself and children there has always existed rare comradeship.

"They liked me," she says of those first small pupils, and it is not difficult to imagine that they did. She was an appealingly young grade-school teacher, a vivid blue-eyed girl whose keen sense of fun and naturalness in the classroom lessened the boredom of reading, writing, and arithmetic. They must even have liked her discipline which knew how to enlist willing obedience.

But normal school and grade teaching were only



incidental stopping places toward the goal Mabel Robinson had set for herself. A salary now gave her her first pleasant taste of economic independence. She saved her earnings for a coveted college education, an ambition she was able to realize shortly because, as she once explained with characteristic simplicity, "It occurred to me to apply to Radcliffe for a fellowship—and they gave me one."

"Just like that?" prodded one of her students.

"Well, I had a quick mind—I could make it do anything I wanted," she replied, as one might say one had legs to walk on.

What she needed from Radcliffe she gleaned in three years, and then accepted an offer to become assistant in the zoology department at Wellesley. Later she was instructor there for several years. Her interest in the subject of zoology stemmed naturally from intimate association in childhood with the traditions surrounding the name of the great natural scientist, Louis Agassiz.

The old house at Waltham that was her home had been the home of President Hill of Harvard, where Louis Agassiz had been a frequent visitor. It was still impregnated with his personality. Scarcely a room in it that was not associated with some legendary anecdote about Agassiz. Stories of his magnetism and unquenchable vitality were the realest kind of romance for a young imagination to feed on. His genius was dynamic enough

to shape and influence other lives, long after he was gone.

And so her first interests were diverted into scientific channels—a fact which made it especially fitting for her, much later, to be Louis Agassiz's biographer. Into her eloquent book—a life of Louis Agassiz—she has managed to inject the rush and urgency of a powerfully gifted nature. It has been called a model of interpretive biography.

That she taught zoology, instead of some other branch of natural science, was purely an accident of the Wellesley curriculum, however, for her devotion to a more comprehensive and fascinating science, that of ecology, had equipped her to teach the study of living organisms in their myriad forms. Her enthusiasm for every division of natural science is undiminished today, and because she happens to be a scientist with a poet's feeling for beauty, she can illumine the subject for others.



MABEL ROBINSON AT FIFTEEN, SEVENTEEN, AND NINETEEN—THE CENTER, A PICTURE TAKEN FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

"To take a walk with her at low tide on any sea-coast is an experience in the miracles of life"—so Helen Hull, the novelist, who shares a home with Dr. Robinson, has described her intimate sharing of knowledge with friends. "She brushes away the seaweed that fringes a ledge, and there in a shallow pool she has suddenly a whole marine world. That yellow protoplasmic blob hanging from the shelf is a lily-anemone: if you watch, it may open its corolla of delicate filaments. That pink lining at one end of the pool is bryozoa; those shells no larger than a little fingernail are limpets. There's a fiddler crab scuttling away in his borrowed shell; that bit of branching purple is a brittle star, one of his five legs blunt and short—he's lost it, and is growing another! That clump of green at the end of the pool is sea moss, good for puddings if you bleach and dry it."

Furthermore, she probably has more passionate interest in the ways of birds and more accurate knowledge of those ways than anyone since Frank Chapman. She hears a distant bird note and identifies it as quickly as I recognize the voice of a friend. The visit of a rare cerulean warbler to the garden, the courting dance of a purple finch on a shed roof, the expedition of a hermit thrush conducting her young on a tour of the yard are high moments. Her interest is both scientific and personal, and she is never reconciled to any of the inevitable tragedies in bird life. Cock Robin, her wire-haired terrier, has learned the alarm note of a robin or a sparrow, and is off with his mistress hot-foot to route the marauder, cat, hawk, or squirrel. Wherever Mabel Louise Robinson finds herself—on the shores of the Bosphorus, on the downs of England, in Italy, along the Gulf of Mexico, in Westchester in the spring, in Maine again for the summer—she is alert for signs of birds in each region, recognizing unfa-

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little sloop moored off Dr. Robinson's beach in Maine is her most cherished possession.

She must have left that colorful Eastern interlude behind her with regret when she returned to the United States to resume her teaching at Wellesley. Already she had found herself as a teacher, had awakened to the knowledge that she could quicken other minds, and enjoyed the heady excitement of giving much more to her classes than a curriculum required. For that overflowing measure which is the sign of all great teaching, she had a striking example in the life of Louis Agassiz, and was she not his disciple—unconsciously or not?

The vitality and freshness she injected into her lectures had nothing to do with textbooks. She drew on her own resources for these, upon something that was, and has remained, deeply

iar birds, fitting them into their species, speculating about their migratory habits, always with that kind of excited pleasure which is the rare possession of the true scientist."

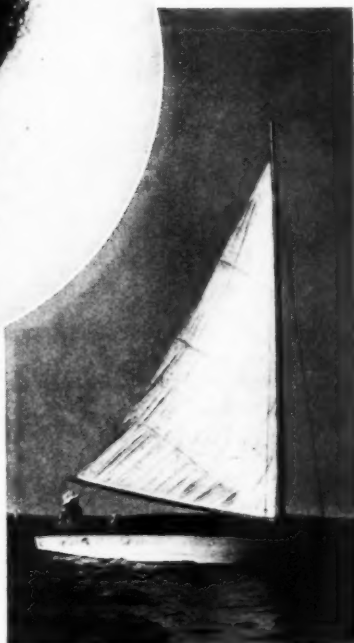
Like most New England girls, Mabel Robinson knew by heart her Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Hawthorne—as thoroughly as she knew Thoreau and John Burroughs. Such a background bred a rich vocabulary and an easy use of language. That she used it with beautiful clarity and fluency was natural—it was part of the co-ordination she possessed, which enabled her as a girl to dance and skate well and allowed her intellect to do her bidding in any direction she chose.

She could not, however, have been born to such a heritage without loving it—without, so to speak, coming home to it eventually—and perhaps some intuitive realization of this prompted her to obtain a leave of absence from Wellesley and start work on a Master's degree in New York. This undertaking finished, she gladly accepted a call to teach abroad.

There followed two years in Constantinople, years filled with the stimulation of travel and friendships formed in far lands. The antiquity and art of the whole Mediterranean world were within easy reach and she had been longing for just such opportunity.

Vacation periods were crammed full of the high-spirited fun which young people can have when they set out to see the world on their own, and Mabel Robinson was not one to pass up anything exciting that came her way. She had all the spunk and independence a New England upbringing implies. She was game for adventure on sea as well as land.

Her ability to handle a sailboat dated from daring and clandestine use of the family catboat as a child, so it was natural that she should seize the opportunity, during that stay in Constantinople, to sail among the Princes Islands on the Gulf of Marmora. And because the love of sailing—when people come by it through their own initiative—is an incurable attachment, the



Top: A SKETCH OF DR. ROBINSON

Center: THE BOAT SHE SAILS SO HAPPILY OFF THE MAINE COAST



Above: COCK ROBIN, THE WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER WHO USUALLY ACCOMPANIES HIS MISTRESS TO CLASSES.
Right: DR. ROBINSON'S COTTAGE IN MAINE.



honest and unspoiled. There is still a disarming youthfulness about her.

"I'm going to a party tonight," she remarked recently to a group of students with unconscious childlike elation, and some of them knew the announcement was an event—a milestone turned in a trying period of physical depletion. No one bothered her after class that evening with requests for conferences.

Even in the full stride of health, however, Mabel Louise Robinson has room in her life for few diversions outside the writing which, for her, is a kind of indulgence. (Continued on page 28)

THE GALLOPING GOOSE

MOTHER!" cried the twins, dashing up the steps of the mountain cabin where they had spent their Colorado vacation. "Mother!"

"Yes?" Mrs. Ramsey called. "I'm here on the porch."

"Darling!" Janet flung herself headlong at her mother. "John has just found the birthday present we want to give you. It's wonderful—you'll be crazy about it!"

"But why not wait till my birthday to tell me about it?" Mrs. Ramsey asked placidly. "October fifth is the day after tomorrow."

"Well—" Jan stopped short.

"Janny's embarrassed," John hooted. "You see, Mom, it's really the *idea* that's the present. Because we haven't any money. But you know how keen Dad is about narrow gauge railroads, even more than full-size ones, and he's sure interested enough in those. And you know what fun you and he had going over the Continental Divide on that narrow gauge last year? And he talked then about another one he'd like to go on? Well, *we* can go on

that!" John stopped for breath. "We can go for your birthday."

"And we can write to India and tell him that's how we spent your birthday," Jan went on eagerly. "It will be like a present from him."

"Why, it really would," said Mrs. Ramsey, smiling a little. "He would enjoy hearing about a jaunt like that. But are you sure it's practical?"

"Yes, it is, Mom." John took a scribbled pad from his pocket. "We can get a bus from the village and go to Brownsville. There's a narrow gauge train that leaves there at ten-thirty and goes up over the Divide at Lizard Head Pass—that's over ten thousand feet high. We can stay all night on the other side and come back next day. Will you?"

"Please," Jan begged.

"You needn't beg so hard," Mrs. Ramsey laughed. "I've noticed that you've been restless lately, and it's two weeks until we can move into the Denver house. I think the trip would be good for all of us—Dad, too. He says nothing lifts his morale as much as hearing about our fun."

"Oh, Mother—" Jan began rapturously.

"But I'm forgetting about Nella," Mrs. Ramsey interrupted. "Her aunt is going to Denver tomorrow and I told her Nella could stay overnight with us. Still, there's no reason why she can't go, too."

"Oh, Mother!" Jan said in a different tone. "That Southern



THE WHOLE STORM
SEEMED UNBELIEV-
ABLE TO THEM AS
THEY FOUGHT THEIR
WAY THROUGH IT

WAS STOPPED

By FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES

Author of "Snowshoe Country," "Canoe Country," etc.

A thrilling adventure founded on fact about a family who decided—for a lark—to cross the Continental Divide aboard the craziest sort of train imaginable

tinklebells! We don't want her along. We just want ourselves."

"Slow down—she's not that hopeless," John told his sister.

"She's a kitten—fluffy hair and round blue eyes. You don't like it, do you, when she says how big and strong and wonderful you are?"

"I never notice her," John said hastily. "But she's no bother."

"She bothers me. So sweet, with that Southern drawl. She never does anything. She bores me into knots."

"Now, Jan," said her mother soothingly, "she's a nice little thing. And her mother—"

"Oh, yes—" Jan threw herself on the couch—"I know her mother was your best friend when you were little. But that's no reason why we have to spend our whole lives together."

"My idiot child," said Mrs. Ramsey, ruffling her daughter's hair, "two days isn't a lifetime."

"But it's only our family that knows how much fun it is to ride on railroads," Jan wailed. "An outsider won't understand how we like to take these trips."

"We can wait about the trip," Mrs. Ramsey suggested.

"Oh, no, we can't," the twins said in chorus.

THE next morning Mrs. Ramsey, the twins, and Nella Wayne stepped off the bus at Brownsville. "You'll find the station down a couple of blocks," the bus driver told them.

"John, take Nella's bag, too," Mrs. Ramsey said. "It seems heavy for her."

"Thank you, Johnny," Nella said, looking up at him. "It does weigh me down, but I don't suppose you think it's a speck heavy." Jan snorted, but at her mother's quick look she turned the snort into a very peculiar cough.

"We want to take the ten-thirty train," John said to a man in overalls when they reached the little station.

"She's comin' out of the shed now," the man replied.

The four passengers looked and blinked and looked again. "Is that the train?" asked Mrs. Ramsey faintly.

"That's the *Galloping Goose*, ma'am," the station agent said proudly.

Stopping in front of them was a strange vehicle. It was a dilapidated automobile body, mounted on rail wheel trucks and driven by a gasoline motor. Behind it, it pulled a square trailer

marked as a baggage car. Nella opened her blue eyes. "My gracious," she murmured. The twins broke into wild fits of laughter.

"When the Galloping Goose gets to goin', it's no laughin' matter," the station agent said drily. "She sure jumps along with you."

Jan opened the rear door. "Look, John," she cried, "the car has been split so they could widen the seat, and the stuffing is coming out of the upholstery—I never saw such a wobbly cushion. And look at the plain board for an extra seat between the front and back ones. It must jiggle like fury."

"You three sit in back," John said. "I'll sit up with the driver—the engineer, I guess I

Illustrated

by

Meg

Wohlberg



mean." His eyes were bright with amusement. The party climbed aboard, the engineer appeared, and a Mexican, an Indian, and an old prospector climbed in to perch in a row on the middle plank.

"Isn't this quaint?" said Nella vivaciously. "I never did see anything like this down South."

"We've never seen anything like it, either," Jan told her a little tartly. She felt more surprised than pleased; this wasn't at all like the pleasant little two-car train Dad and Mother had described after their last trip. That had had a miniature observation car and had served a full-sized lunch.

"By the way, what about lunch?" she asked her mother.

"Can we get anything along the way?" Mrs. Ramsey asked the driver.

"Nope. 'Fraid not," he said. "We start in a couple of minutes, but your boy can chase uptown and buy something. Better hurry, Son."

John leaped off. Soon he came racing back again with a paper bag. "They didn't have much. Got crackers and peanut butter and grapes," he said breathlessly.

The Galloping Goose started off.

It was a dazzling October morning with the clearest of sapphire skies. The Galloping Goose leaped like a jack rabbit through the aspens whose bright gold leaves brushed against the jolting car. The air was crisp and delightful.

"Isn't this fun?" Janet said gleefully. "It's like taking a walk through the woods, without walking."

The narrow track curved through rocky slopes. Cattle wandered across in front of the Goose, and the engineer blew the horn continually but with little avail. Once a cow stood still and looked him firmly in the eye until he got out and shoved her out of the way.

"Looks like there's been a big fall of snow on the mountains, for so early in the year," their engineer said as he stopped at a crossing to let the Mexican off.

"Oh, will we go through the snow up there?" Nella asked excitedly. "I've

never been close to a speck of snow. I'd just adore to see it."

The old prospector turned around to look at her. "Where you been all your life, Miss?"

"Georgia," she told him. "I do hope I can see some snow-flakes honestly a-comin' down!"

"Well, they hardly ever come up," Jan muttered, and then felt ashamed at her mother's reproofing nudge. She didn't really mean to be disagreeable, she felt hilariously happy—but Nella did babble so.

"Don't wish too hard for snow, Nella," Mrs. Ramsey was saying. "We couldn't see this magnificent country if it snowed. Look there—we wouldn't want to miss a view like that."

A tawny plateau was rimmed by masses of tall cottonwoods, all a brilliant gold, and behind that glittering circle the snow-white mountains rose up against a sky of deepest azure. The intense color was almost overwhelming.

Through this beauty the Goose galloped along, jiggling over a trestle high above some rocky gorge, or buzzing around a sharp curve where the passengers on the outside looked straight down the steep mountain chasm to a river far at its bottom. Higher and higher it climbed. The air grew keen and sharp and the twins grew hungry. Soon John was distributing his purchases.

"We can have an early dinner," he said cheerfully when his mother informed him that after all it was only half past eleven. "This air makes me as hungry as a couple of wolves. I wish I'd bought a bigger jar of peanut butter. And a loaf of bread. And three or four pounds of cookies."

The Goose stopped near a water tank to let the Indian and the prospector disembark. A freight engine stood panting on a siding and its engineer came up to the car. "Hi, Joe," he said, "there has been a big snow up on the Pass. We've got the small snowplow on—we're going ahead of you and clear the way."

"Okay," said Joe.

"Snowdrifts and a snowplow," cried Nella rapturously. "Mrs. Ramsey, I just never will stop being grateful to you for this invitation."

As they climbed, the country grew more barren. Flocks of sheep took the place of wandering cattle, and several times the Galloping Goose had to stop while the sheep hopped clumsily across the rails, following their leader in a leisurely procession.

More and more white peaks shouldered up against the sky. Then they came to a skim of snow across the rocks and then, suddenly, snow was deep around them. An icy wind touched them and the girls were glad to put on the winter coats Mrs. Ramsey had insisted on bringing with them.

"How beautiful this snow stuff is," Nella said in an awed voice, as she looked down a white slope where green pines, powdered with snow, stood deep in drifts. "It's so strange to me to see a pure white landscape."

"Maybe we'll be seein' more snow than we want," Joe said. "Looks like a storm over there."

Mrs. Ramsey looked at the bank of dark gray cloud pushing swiftly up above the sharp peaks. "I'm certainly thankful that freight engine is ahead of our funny little Goose," she said fervently.

The drifts on each side of the small track grew deeper and deeper, and the locomotive ahead went more and more slowly. The sun disappeared.

(Continued on page 42)



THE BUNDLE WITH THE RED STREAMER WAS THE MOST WELCOME SIGHT OF ALL



YOU and your SCHOOL

ARE YOU A TILLIE-TELL-IT-ALL—
A SUZIE-SENSITIVE, OR A SARA-
SELFISH? IF YOU ARE, YOU'D
BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT

*A Junior High School teacher —
with the help of her students' sug-
gestions — discusses the school prob-
lems every teen-age girl must meet*

By LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

Illustrated by HILDA FROMMHOLZ



THERE'S this about school—it isn't a part of your life that you can walk out on, come four o'clock, and never give a thought to until nine the next morning. If that were the way of it, life would be a great deal simpler. The fact of the matter is that school, for you and for your friends, is pretty much your life, and the things that happen to you there enter into every phase of your living. You and your friends, you and your home life, you and all your other life's relations blend in the life you lead at school. And the things you do at school influence, in turn, your life in all its other angles.

You know how it is! The little mix-up you had with Ella at school was really all her fault. She *did* copy your paper, and without your permission. When Miss Blake called both of you up to discuss the striking likeness on those papers, Ella just stood there and never said a word that would free you of blame. Of course you weren't going to tattle on her. However, that didn't prevent your letting her have a few straight facts about the case, once you got her off to herself.

Now that happened at school, and certainly the matter should remain a part of school business. But does it? No, indeed, it doesn't! Ella has her following. She was certainly pretty neat about managing to keep Myra from asking you to her scavenger hunt; and that was something you would have adored going to.

That's just an example of the way school incidents can carry over into your life outside. The things you do and say there; your relations with the boys and girls you meet there daily; your relations with your teachers; the way you tackle your work; the clubs and extracurricular activities in which you engage; the way you feel about school—all these may, and do, have a vital part now in shaping the pattern of your life—and will still do so in the days to come. Such being the case, it's just good, hard common sense on your part to make the most of all the complex relations that school offers you.

I suspect that one of the big problems school holds for you

right now is the matter of friends, both boy and girl. This is probably the way it should be, for certainly social adjustment is necessary if we are to be happy in any phase of life.

Usually there is inherent in school life a problem that most girls have to face some time or other—the business of a special friend. Having a special friend may be a very satisfactory and helpful experience in your life. Certainly we all need someone in whom we can confide, someone to rejoice with us over our "A's" and sympathize when we fail to get a coveted invitation. The girl who is your special friend can be the finest influence in your life—but she can be a rock around your neck, too.

The trouble with a lot of friendships—schoolgirl friendships especially—is that the friends get to feeling they own each other. Everything—opinions, hair-do's, plans for the day, and new friends—must be joint business instead of matters of individual taste. That's pretty deadly to personality. Certainly you should have close friends, friends who command your liking, respect, and loyalty, as you do theirs. But the secret is in numbers. For with every friend you broaden out a bit, take on a slightly different point of view, enrich your own personality. You owe it to yourself not to get into a narrow rut of friendship. Don't have—and don't be—the possessive friend. Branch out! School is a grand place for forming friendships.

Of course, you can't just walk out and pick up friends unless you are the sort of person other people would like to have for a friend. That's pretty important—working on yourself so you'll be the right kind of person, one who will attract the right sort of friends. Have you checked yourself recently? Maybe you're taking on some of the characteristics of the girls you haven't approved of too much—Tillie-tell-it-all, or Suzie-sensitive, or Sara-selfish, or Ruth-rattlebrain, or Dora-demanding. It's pretty easy to pick up some of those qualities without realizing it. There's a most excellent rule to apply to friendships—it's said to be made of gold. It advises, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Then there's the matter of boys at school. One day you know where you are with them—they're congenital enemies with their pockets full of frogs and lizards, most of their front teeth out, and firm in their conviction that all girls are nuisances. And the next—well, there they are! Underfoot, and a problem.

Certainly a well balanced school life should include some friendships with boys. If you are neat and clean, if you cultivate a sense of humor, if you are a good sport, if you know how to put others at their ease, if you have trained yourself to be at ease socially, the chances are that you will include some boys among your friends. That doesn't necessarily mean dating, although high school is the time of pairing off, and the chances are that you, too, will begin dating at this period. If you do, you'll be anxious to know how to get along, since it's new business to you.

First of all, it's a good idea to be rather casual about the whole thing. You wouldn't want your date to think that no other boy had ever looked at you, and that you never again expected to have another one turn your way. Let him see that you enjoy being with him—certainly; but don't go after him as a drowning man would snatch at a life preserver. And remember—just because you've had two dates in succession with him doesn't mean that you have a mortgage on him, either. Watch yourself carefully there.

Next, be smooth. Although you probably haven't given much thought to the matter, boys your age are not as socially mature as you are yourself. They are vastly less sure of themselves in social matters. Anyway, it's always up to the women and girls to keep the little social graces flourishing. So read up on teenage etiquette. There are some excellent books on the subject now—ask your librarian for them.

Boys are sure to appreciate a girl who is poised and self-confident. Her sureness helps to bolster up their own morale—especially if she is smart enough to act in such a way that she doesn't call attention to any lack the boy may have or feel. It's a good plan to know your way around and to have a kind and understanding heart—knowledge and kindness will carry you almost anywhere. And remember—there is no training ground for social graces better than that provided by school parties and activities. Think of them as such, and do not fail to take advantage of them. The ease and correctness with which you fit into social activities all the rest of your life can, and probably will, be determined by the way you train yourself right now.

The fact that you mature socially earlier than do the boys leads to some difficulties. You say, "If boys are bashful, then isn't it all right for us girls to make the advances, early in the high school years?"

Well—maybe. Certainly you have to meet them halfway. But further than that—you'd better think the matter over. Don't forget that the original male got his woman by capture, and that the hunting instinct is strong within him. He has a way of wanting the apple on the highest branch, the duck that's hardest to shoot. Of course there are ways of letting him know that you think he's rather special, without shouting it all over the place.

"But," you protest, "if we waited for them, we'd never have dates. Some of us don't, as it is."

That is very true. Some girls *don't* have dates. Some come to dating later than others; and oftentimes these girls eventually are more popular, have better times, than the ones who started so early. So don't get desperate, do foolish things, or become unhappy just because you haven't started dating as soon as some of the other girls in your class. Specialize in casual, general contacts with the boys. If you are a good tennis player and go where the gang goes, there will be some boy to play with. And if there isn't—well, a good game of

tennis is a good game, even if there isn't a boy within a hundred miles. If you swim, or ride, or play golf; if you are willing to play the piano while others dance—there are dozens of ways you can get boys used to seeing you around. And then, if you are casual and good-natured about the whole thing, dates will follow.

When there are parties to which the girls are supposed to invite the boys, have at it! Only don't pick out the most popular boy in school. Ask one of the nice, quiet, less-in-demand ones. He'll be grateful for being asked; and, the way things go, he will be needing to ask a girl to some party, or game, or movie one of these days. And there you will be—already on the ground floor. Another thing, too—more often than not, it's the quiet ones who develop into class lions a little later on.

Then there is the other problem, that of "going steady." The same things could be said about this that might be said about a single girl friend. If ever you have a golden opportunity to know boys and broaden your contacts, it is in high school. You'd miss an awful lot if you confined your boy friends to just one specimen. Besides, it is doubtful if a boy likes to feel he's going with a girl no other boy wants to take out. How would you feel to be dating a boy whom none of your friends liked?

The best way to treat boys is the way you treat girls—like human beings. Be a real person. Boys don't like Tillie, or Dora, or Suzie any better than girls do. They like someone who is friendly and a good sport and is popular with boys and girls alike. After they've sat all day with you in classes, don't think they aren't pretty sure of the kind of person you are.

In high school you probably have some clubs you have joined,

SCHOOL CLUBS AND PARTIES GIVE YOU GOOD CHANCES TO MAKE FRIENDS.



or want to join, or plan to join. Clubs can offer you some of your best opportunities, as well as some definite hazards. Like anything else, they should be used wisely if one is to gain the greatest good from them. One can get some highly desirable things from clubs; yet, strangely enough, if you go into them with a glint in your eye, a sort of I'm-in-this-for-what-I-can-get-out-of-it idea, you'll probably get nothing worth mentioning. It's like eating your vegetables—the best results come when you eat them because you like them, and not from a sense of duty.

It's well to survey rather carefully the list of clubs and organizations in your school and then make application, if that's the way the club of your heart is worked. There are usually a list of clubs based on hobbies or interests—dramatics, various subject clubs, photography, and others. If there is not a club for your particular hobby, you might consult some teacher, or the principal, about the possibility of organizing one. If you expect it to be school-sponsored, and you probably will—take the matter up with the proper authorities before you do much talking among your friends about it. It's quite all right, of course, to do some preliminary checking to see if there is interest enough to justify a new organization, but don't do anything definite until you've talked things over.

There may be, too, some clubs that "bid" you, like the scholastic recognition ones. Of course, you don't go around putting in an application to these, but wait properly to be asked. If you do have your eye on one of them, you should certainly familiarize yourself with its standards and then set about to try to make yourself the sort of person who is likely to be asked.

In that connection, just a hint—maybe two hints! First, it's better not to announce an avowed determination to get into any

organization. If you do the right thing because it *is* the right thing, you'll probably reach your goal sooner. Second, don't let yourself be hurt beyond all curing if you fail to make a coveted organization. Many of them are limited in numbers for one reason or another, and not all the good possibilities can be taken in. Accept the matter as gracefully as you can. Concentrate on being a good sport about it. That way, everyone will come nearer to thinking it was just too bad you didn't get in, than they will if you go around putting on a tragedy act.

Once you are in a club, you have an excellent chance for self-development. If you are elected to fill an office you may get some good executive training, but even the humblest member has a chance to improve herself. Clubs are usually smaller, less formal, than classes. They are a good place to overcome some of your embarrassing weaknesses. Lots of girls dismiss a club by saying, "Oh, I couldn't possibly do that"—sing, or act, or make speeches, or debate, or whatever the purpose of that organization might be. But don't be too sure. Maybe, let us say, the Dramatics Club would help you to overcome your fear of acting. Maybe debating would cure the panic you feel at the sound of your own voice. Don't, for goodness' sake, overlook the possibilities of a club which specializes in your weakness.

Clubs are like anything else. You get out of them exactly what you put in. If you join one thinking it is the magic key that will unlock for you the door to your dreams, you're in for a rude awakening. All a club offers you is an opportunity; and it won't offer you that unless you're willing to work at it.

You can overdo clubs, like everything else. You know how adults laugh at the man or woman who neglects his or her own affairs to run all the clubs in town. It's quite possible for you to become that sort of person, right there in school. Then, too, you know people who feel that clubs were instituted for the sole purpose of giving them something to run. The safe way is to join only as many as you can carry gracefully. Then, once you are in, you should do the part that is assigned you conscientiously and well. No more, no less. That club was running nicely before you went in, and the chances are it will continue to run, once you leave. You are just one of a group—you are not the whole show.

Just a word of warning, here. Sometimes you find yourself among such congenial friends in your club, or group, or gang that you limit yourself to it for almost all your activities and acquaintances. It might be well to stop and ask yourself, "How long has it been since I've done anything with anyone, or any group, except this little intimate one I belong to?" Your answer may startle you a bit. Remember—clubs are for the purpose of broadening your experiences. If your club, or gang, serves only to limit your contacts, you are cheating yourself. You would like to think of yourself as growing up to be a broad-minded, cosmopolitan sort of person—and broad-minded, cosmopolitan people have a great many friends, unlimited contacts. They didn't start making them all in a minute, either; they began early and worked on it. Make a habit of becoming acquainted with new people; it will offer so many interesting experiences that you will always be glad you did. With people moving about the way they do now, you probably have interesting new people coming into your school all the time.

And while you are making friends, don't overlook your teachers. There's this about teachers—they are just naturally bound to be people. And since they are, (Continued on page 35)



THERE MUST BE SINGING

By HUBERT EVANS

A happy story about a young soldier who thought his world was smashed—and a girl who proved he was wrong

ROSE DALY had given her final basketry lesson and now the head nurse was walking with her to the main entrance of the Lodge.

"It's been good of you to substitute like this," the nurse said. She smiled down at the rather short, sturdily built girl who was tucking her brown curls under her ski cap. "I know the boys have appreciated it."

From the main ward Rose could hear men's voices. The recreation room radio was dialed to Harry James, and a young soldier down the hall was giving out with trumpet noises. The preparatory clatter of supper trays came up from the diet kitchen.

Rose's gray eyes looked a trifle wistful. "It has been fun," she said. With a few exceptions these convalescents were a cheery lot. She was going to miss their big-brotherly teasing, and she wondered if they would dare play the same jokes on the trained handicraft instructress who would take her place tomorrow.

"I only wish there was some other way I could help," she said.

"Perhaps you can, when spring comes and some of them can be wheeled out of doors," the head nurse suggested.

"Perhaps!" What Rose did not say was that by the time spring came to this up-State hill country, her father and the family would be moving on to some other engineering job.

Outside, as she worked her feet into the ski harness, the light from the tall Lodge windows lay across the snow. A quick slide, a push with her ski poles, and she was off. Along the driveway brooding cedars formed a dark tunnel through the dusk. Then, as she glided through the rustic gateway, she saw a man standing on the low bridge where the woodland road to the village spanned the creek.

He was bareheaded, and as he stood there leaning on his cane you could see the hospital blues inside the open collar of his greatcoat. He held up a warning hand.

"A dipper! First I've heard since I was a kid round Ketchikan. And can he sing!"

Rose recognized him as Private Ronnie Barnes. Her basketry lessons had failed to interest him so she did not know him very well. In fact, he showed little interest in anything inside the hospital. He was one of the few who, so the head nurse said, did not "respond."

His lean face was certainly alive with interest now. Together they looked over the rail at the rippling shallows between the banks of snow. Knowing the water-ouzel's ways so well, Rose was the first to see the slate-grey little bird, dipping and curtsying as the icy water coiled about its tiny shins. She touched the soldier's arm and pointed.

As he leaned closer, peering, his war-hardened features softened in a grin. "He sounds as if nothing could ever get him down."



Illustrated by MANNING DE V. LEE

The dusk was filled again with the song whose urgent gaiety came in rollicking, soaring cadenzas. Here, the music said, was no conforming creature, cheered or depressed by circumstances, but an inspired challenger whose spirit was gloriously independent of externals as it launched its message of good cheer into the frowning face of hardship.

And yet, aware of the transformation in the young soldier beside her, Rose hardly heard the familiar song. She knew that from Ronnie Barnes's native Alaska down into Washington, the water-ouzel had made backwoods people its grateful friends. For like those pioneers themselves, adversity could not defeat it. Along mountain streams it waded and dived and sang throughout the bitterest of winters. And now its inspired singing was like the voice of home to this lonely, spirit-hungry boy.

Crunching footsteps broke in upon the song. They both turned to see a man coming across the bridge. He wore a black mackinaw and a cap with ear-flaps, and by his slight limp Rose recognized him as Mr. Gorth who operated the small salmon hatchery on the creek below the Lodge.

"Evenin'," he greeted, joining them at the rail. Not until then did Rose notice the shotgun in the crook of his arm.

Mr. Gorth turned to the soldier. "What you see?"

Young Barnes pointed.

"Sure enough," Mr. Gorth said, "I see him now." Then, even before Rose was aware that he had brought the gun to his shoulder, Ronnie's cane slashed up. It jolted the muzzle high as Mr. Gorth pressed the trigger, and Rose heard the charge of shot spatter harmlessly into the treetops.

"As if there wasn't enough killing in the world!" the soldier accused. His eyes were blazing.

Mr. Gorth looked embarrassed. "I'm only doing what I got to do. My salmon eggs are hatching, and when I start putting the fry out into the rearing ponds, these dippers'll be a pest. Give 'em a chance and they feed on fry and salmon eggs," he added defensively.

Rose could see the hardness return, like a protective mask, to the soldier's face. "So anything you don't like you shoot, eh?"

"Easy, soldier! That's no way to talk," Mr. Gorth protested. "I can't get a helper, and with everything to tend to myself—"

"Aw, skip it!" Young Barnes gripped the rail, turned and started angrily up the drive.

Rose slipped off her skis and ran after him. In spite of his stiff knee, he walked surprisingly fast.

"I'm all right, Sister," he insisted as she caught up with him. "So a little bird maybe raids his fish pond. So he shoots it—"

"But he didn't shoot it," Rose reminded. "You saw to that."

"There are too many guys like that one in this old world," he went on, unheeding.

Gently Rose took his arm. She could feel it trembling. "Please!" Helping at the hospital, she had learned what war can do to people.

"I'll be all right," he repeated dully. In his voice the bitterness was returning.

"Poor Mr. Gorth—he has to work so hard," Rose said after a moment. "And if the dippers really do feed in his ponds, I suppose he thinks he's only being practical."

"So practical it hurts. Why can't old jaspers like him see there must be singing, too?"

Slowly they mounted the steps together. At the top Ronnie Barnes turned and looked back hungrily at the snow, the open sky, the quiet spires of evergreens, dim and restful against the coming night.

"I'm sorry," he said contritely. "I'll never get better if I let myself go off the deep end like this."

"Oh, you'll be better soon. I know it." Rose made her voice sound cheerful, but she was glad he could not see her troubled face. "Once spring comes and—and you can get out-of-doors—"

"Yeh! Out-of-doors—if I only could!" There was impatient yearning in the words. "That's the life I always thought I could go back to. But since Salerno, nothing but hospitals—hospitals." Shifting his cane, he stepped aside to let the light from the glassed-in doorway shine in her face. "You really go for the out-doors, too, eh? Birds, animals, nature—stuff like that?"

"Well," Rose answered, "I've never had much chance to be a city girl. My dad's an engineer. Boulder Dam, the Alaska Highway—it's country like that I know most about."

There was a pause. "Over there, we'd often talk about what we'd do when we got back," Ronnie went on. "I'd tell the guys nothing could ever tie me to any indoor job. I was going to make

good in the mountains, or the brush. You know—forestry, prospecting—stuff like that." He laughed mirthlessly. "Big talk."

Rose sighed. "But even so, there should be some way—"

"Look, Sister!" He spoke without self-pity. "With this bum leg? Who do you think you're kidding?"

Because of the feeling of helplessness, of desperation his question caused her, Rose did not look at him and he thought that he had hurt her. "Just the same you're swell," he told her.

"Seems we have a lot in common. How about tomorrow?"

Rose nodded eagerly. "There's no school. Right after lunch, then? Is that a date?"

"And how!" They smiled at one another. "Well," he said after a moment, "I'd best go in."

AS SHE retraced her steps down the gloomy drive, it seemed to the girl that a darkness deeper than the night had closed around her. An outdoor boy, and with a handicap like that—what had he to hope for? With that dream and that frustration, no wonder her basketry had failed to interest him.

Back at the bridge, she was surprised to find Mr. Gorth waiting. "Sorry I upset him," he said awkwardly when he had picked up her skis. "I know how it is—a fellow who's been wounded can get all on edge, having to spend too long in hospital. I could have kicked myself."



HIS WAR-HARDENED FEATURES SOFTENED AS HE WATCHED

They started walking down the road. "Mr. Gorth," Rose ventured "water-ouzel: are such cheery little birds. Do you really have to shoot them?"

He did not answer her question directly. "That young soldier, I guess he hates the sight of me!" he sighed. "Before the war, the few dippers along this creek never bothered me much. But I had a helper then and, between the two of us, we could see they did no harm. Fact is, we liked to see them round. But single-handed like I am, I've got to protect the salmon fry the easiest way I know." He hesitated. "Don't suppose you could get that soldier to come down to the hatchery? Tomorrow, say. I'd like for him to see just what I'm up against."

"I could try," Rose offered doubtfully. But knowing what lay behind that flare-up on the bridge, Mr. Gorth's hatchery seemed the last place Ronnie Barnes would want to visit.

"I wish you would," he urged. "I don't want him to keep on thinking hard of me."

Coasting homeward down the easy slope, Rose tried to put herself in Ronnie's place. What would she do, she asked herself, if suddenly the out-of-doors she loved were forever closed to her? If she knew that never again could she revel in the free life of forest and mountains and clean, swift streams, and that for the rest of her days she must be as one apart, a looker-on? Would she be able to face it without self-pity, as he was doing?

"There should be some way—" She had said that on impulse, blindly, to try and comfort him. But now, if Ronnie was ever to know lasting happiness again, there *must* be.



"I'M SORRY I WENT OFF THE DEEP END," HE SAID

NEXT morning Rose was wakened by the drip of water from the eaves. A thawing Chinook had blown up during the night, and after lunch, when she set out for the Lodge, rivulets were furrowing the slush of the mountain road. Nearing the hatchery, she saw Mr. Gorth hobbling up the lane.

"Creek's running wild," he shouted, even before she met him at the gate. "Intake keeps plugging, hatching troughs silting up. If I don't get help quick, thousands of the fry will smother."

"Can I help?"

"Sure you can. Come on!"

Inside the low-roofed hatchery building, he led her to the first

row of troughs. "Here!" He handed her an eagle feather. "Keep the silt brushed off 'em, like this."

He showed her how to feather the fine mud toward the lower end of the trough. Then as the water cleared, Rose could see thousands of baby salmon huddling on the bottom. They seemed a mass of silver eyes and tiny, striving tails.

For ten minutes they both worked at top speed. But even so the troughs kept silting up faster than they could free the newly-hatched fish. Then suddenly the flow into the troughs stopped.

"Intake's plugged again," Mr. Gorth exploded. "I got to go."

"But the two of us alone can never—" Rose began. Then she was running after him. "Your car! I'm going to the Lodge."

Mr. Gorth pointed toward the shed and kept on along the creek bank to the intake dam.

IN SPITE of the weather, Ronnie was dressed and waiting when Rose dashed up the steps of the Lodge.

"He kept telling me you'd come," the head nurse confided. "But on such a day! I really shouldn't let him go out."

"I've brought a car," Rose urged.

"Then that's different." Already Ronnie had joined them. "You win, soldier," the head nurse smiled.

Ronnie grinned. "Let's go," he said to Rose. But outside, when he saw the car, his expression changed. "A drive? Heck! I thought we were going exploring up the creek?"

"Down the creek," Rose amended. "Hurry!" Then, above the slap of the old car's chains against its fenders, she outlined what the freshet was doing in the hatchery.

"Well," Ronnie agreed dubiously, "if it's an emergency—"

"It really is!" But as they headed down the lane, Rose had a strange, excited feeling it might also be an opportunity.

The water was flowing again, but Mr. Gorth had not yet returned from the intake when Rose led Ronnie to the first trough. As soon as she had shown him what to do, they set to work.

Soon Mr. Gorth came in. He gave Rose a surprised, understanding look, then began feathering the trough next Ronnie's. The three worked steadily, the only sound the gurgling of the water in the troughs.

"What kind of salmon are these?" Rose heard Ronnie ask presently.

"The best," Mr. Gorth answered.

"Up-coast they call 'em Alaska reds."

"Oh, I know them! I used to see them brought in to the canneries. You mean that from here they go 'way out to sea?"

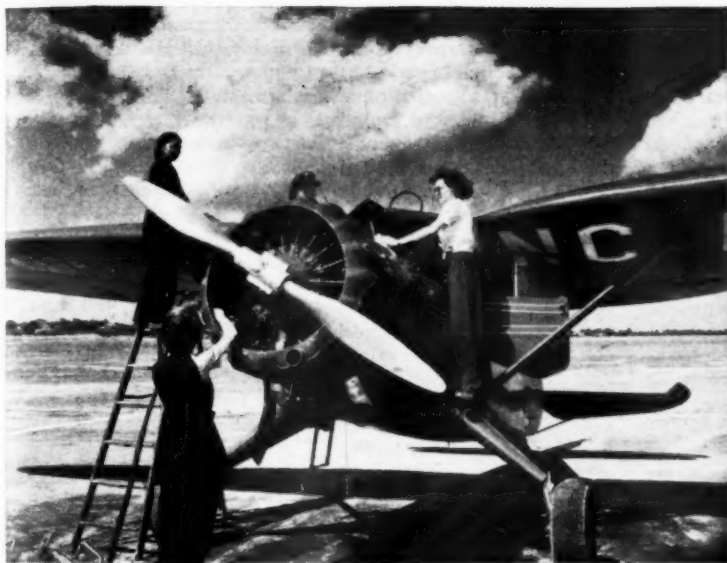
"Down spawning creeks like this one, into lakes, down the big rivers, then clear north to the Aleutians, nobody knows how far. But when they're grown up, back they come to the very stream where they were born."

"Gee," Ronnie said. "I never knew much about this hatchery stuff. Quite an interesting job you have here."

"None better—and I've been at it close to thirty years. Working hand in hand with nature, I always like to think."

As Rose glanced across the troughs, she saw how excitedly Ronnie was listening. "Say!" he exclaimed. "I guess you could really call it that."

(Continued on page 37)



CAA Photograph

Left: PILOTS IN THE MAKING MUST LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT THE INSPECTION AND SERVICING OF AIRCRAFT AND ENGINES. Below: AN INSTRUCTOR TALKING OVER ERRORS AFTER A FLIGHT. Bottom: SOME MEMBERS OF THE WASP PLOTTING A COURSE FOR A CROSS-COUNTRY FLIGHT



SKY'S *the* LIMIT

An experienced woman pilot and flight instructor gives advice to air-minded girls

By SALLY KNAPP



I HAVE just heard that you are a pilot—boy, that must be wonderful! I've always wanted to fly more than anything in the world."

The speaker was a high school junior with unruly blonde hair and blue eyes bright with eagerness. The questions she fired at me came thick and fast. How and where could she learn to fly? How old must a girl be before taking flying lessons? What subjects could she be taking in school now which would help her later to get a license? Those questions had a familiar ring to my ears, for many other teen-age girls have asked me the selfsame ones, have written them in their letters—and because I know that readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* are air-minded, I am writing this article to give them information which will help them to realize their ambition. I know I would have appreciated it greatly if someone had told these things to me when I was that age—and ambitious to learn to fly.

Of course in wartime there are restrictions on civilian flying, especially on our coasts. Some parts of the country are hardly affected at all, some are completely grounded. But some day—any day—these restrictions will be lifted, so the young would-be pilot, with her flying career ahead of her, need not be too greatly concerned about them. And when the war is over—with cheaper planes and more and better airports available—she will find conditions more favorable than ever before in the history of aviation.

Sixteen is the age at which flying lessons may be started, but high school students under that age would do well to take mathematics and physics, and so make much easier the ground school subjects in which, later on, they must pass written tests before they can obtain licenses. It is a good idea to participate in sports



Official U. S. Air Forces photograph

such as tennis, golf, and badminton, which help to develop the co-ordination of eyes, hands, and feet that is so necessary to the flier. It is also a good idea to read books on aviation. (I will include a list of such books at the end of this article to help you in your selection.) If you are Girl Scouts, you will want to look into the prospects for joining a Wing Scout "flight" if one has been organized in your vicinity.

So much for the preliminaries, if you are under sixteen. If you have reached your sixteenth birthday you are old enough to start your flying lessons. So let's take, in logical order, the steps leading to a pilot's license.

Your first hurdle will be the physical examination. If you can't pass this, you may as well turn your ambitions in another direction, unless, of course, your trouble is some temporary disability which may be corrected in time. To save yourself needless time and expense, find out the name of your nearest flight surgeon from the local airport and make an appointment for your physical—on the day of your sixteenth birthday, if you wish.

The main emphasis in this examination will be on your general fitness, on the condition of your heart, chest, throat, etc., and especially on your eyesight. The vast majority of rejections are given on this last count. For professional flying, as an instructor or commercial pilot, your vision and eye muscle balance must be perfect; for private flying, you may wear glasses to correct the defect if it isn't too bad. Exercises often bring defective eyes up to a standard to meet the requirements. The flight surgeon may do any one of three things: he may give you a clear ticket; he may give you one with restrictions for a certain type of license only; or, if he cannot issue you a permit at the time, he may prescribe certain treatment or exercises which will in time correct the defect. Overweight would be an example of such a defect. If he

refuses you a permit, be sure to find out all the details before you give up.

Remember, also, that physicians are only human and subject to the same unconscious prejudices as you and I are. I remember that the first flight surgeon I went to—an ear, nose, and throat specialist—turned me down for a scar on my eardrum, there since birth without effect on my hearing. I was heartbroken, of course, but since flying was the thing I wanted most in the world, I decided to try again with another doctor. He noticed the scar and commented on it, but did not think it important enough to turn me down. If there is any reasonable doubt in your mind, try again.

Having passed the physical, you now have issued to you by the flight surgeon the equivalent of a learner's permit, called a *Student Pilot Certificate*. This entitles you to take dual flight instruction with a qualified instructor. After you have completed a minimum of eight hours dual instruction, and have taken both a written test on one section of the Civil Air Regulations and demonstrated the ability to handle the plane alone, you will make your first solo. From that time, until you are ready for a private license flight test, you will alternate dual and solo flights, all



Above: A GIRL WHO IS INTERESTED IN FLYING SOME OF THE MORE ADVANCED TYPES OF SHIPS MAY WEAR AN OUTFIT SOMETHING LIKE THIS



Above Right: THAT FIRST SOLO FLIGHT WILL BE THE MOST THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN YOUR AERONAUTICAL LIFE



Right: IF YOU ARE TOO YOUNG TO START TAKING FLYING LESSONS, JOIN A WING SCOUT FLIGHT AND LEARN EVERYTHING YOU CAN ABOUT FLYING. THIS WING SCOUT IS PREPARING HERSELF AND WEARS HER INSIGNIA PROUDLY

under the privileges of your Student Pilot Certificate.

The next thing is to plan your course of study. You should choose a flying school with as much care as you would a college or university, for although your stay will be briefer than the usual four years, there is also less leeway in your choice. A college may be poor in some ways and excellent in others. A flying school, on the other hand, is usually all bad, or all good. Your safest bet, other things being equal, is to choose a Government approved school, if you are fortunate enough to live near a large airport where there is one. This approval means that the school has a regular prescribed course of study approved by the C.A.A., that it has either its own ground school classes or it is affiliated with a near-by college giving the prescribed courses, and that it has equipment and personnel up to a certain standard.

It does not follow, however, that a small school without facilities for gaining a Government certificate is necessarily unsatisfactory. A lot depends upon the locality in which you take your training. The main advantages in a Government approved school

are regular ground-school classroom instruction and fewer hours of flying needed to qualify for a private license. This latter item will save you money in the immediate future, but if you plan to continue flying after you get your license—and what would be the sense of earning one if you didn't?—it will not matter in the long run. The only other advantages that I can see are in the way of a larger selection of equipment and perhaps more facilities for repair and upkeep. Also, the name of a well known Government approved school on your diploma might be of some value if you intend to fly professionally. However, most pilots are accepted strictly on their merits and it doesn't make much difference where you learned to fly.

All flying equipment is regularly inspected by the C.A.A., so you need not have any fears on that score, whether you choose a Government approved school or not. Some things are of primary importance whatever school you choose.

portant of all. If you let the manager assign you a temporary instructor, be sure to reserve the right to make a change after flying with him for a few hours, if you are not completely satisfied. There's psychology involved in the student-instructor relationship, and no matter how capable the instructor may be, he or she may not be the right one for you. A few hours in the air together will tell you as nothing else will. A good instructor is (among other things) one who spends more time giving instruction on the ground than in the air, carefully explaining new maneuvers before each flight, and analyzing errors after each completed flight. Remember it is *your* flying career that is at stake and *your* money that is being paid for instruction, so if you aren't satisfied for any reason with your instructor, don't hesitate to say so. Any fair-minded manager will make the adjustment.

At a small airport, you may not have any choice about the type of ship in which to take instruction; but at a larger one, more than one kind may be used for primary instruction. Again, you may have to make a choice. Pilot opinion differs greatly on this subject—every pilot thinks the type he learned on is the only one. However, if expense is of major importance to you, as it is to most student pilots, I would stick to the inexpensive cub plane until I had obtained my private license—and then progress to the larger, more expensive type for experience when I found that I could afford it. This will give you in time that very pleasant "I can fly anything with wings" feeling.

Photograph at left by courtesy of C.A.A.

Left: INSTRUCTION IN A LINK TRAINER WILL HELP YOU GAIN AN INSTRUMENT RATING. Below: THE WORLD IS DIFFERENT WHEN YOU SEE IT FROM A PLANE. HOUSES LOOK LIKE TOYS.



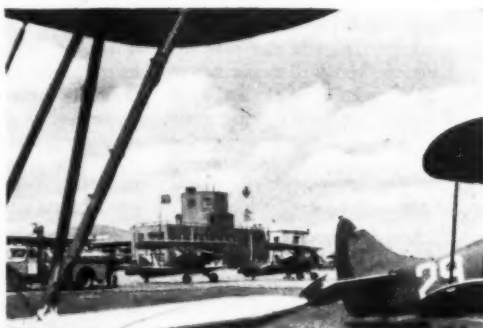
If I had it to do over again, these are the questions I would ask before I signed a contract with any school:

What type of person is the owner or manager of the school? Are the instructors happy in their jobs, and do they think their boss gives them a square deal all around? Does he demand real ability from the men and women who work for him? Do the mechanics, pilots, and various "grease monkeys" who work around the hangar take a pride in the equipment they use, or are they careless about little things? What do present and former students have to say about the school, the manager, the instructors, the equipment?

Besides seeking the answers to these questions, I would spend a day or two at the school, observing all I could. You can usually tell a well managed school by little things like the way the ships are carefully lined up at all times, and quickly cleaned and gassed between flights. There are all kinds of flying schools—and your entire career may depend on the care with which you make your initial choice.

The airport itself is of secondary importance—and again you may not have much choice of locality—but one with hard, clearly defined runways is preferable. Beware of sandy, muddy, sea-level fields! I flew off one of that type, and after any precipitation that was greater than a heavy dew we had to sit around for days waiting until the sun dried up the field once more. An airport which has obstructions into the prevailing wind should also be avoided, as this adds to the hazard of every take-off. Large airports which are controlled by a radio tower are also hazardous because of the heavy traffic.

Most schools have more than one instructor available. Here you must make another important choice, perhaps the most im-



To the experienced pilot, changing from one type of plane to another is a matter of a few hours practice; to the beginner, it is just a few more unknowns piled on to an already staggering load. You must remember that you are in a new medium, and that you will have more things demanding your attention, even in the simplest type of ship, than you will be able to master for a long time. So it is foolish to add unnecessary complications. You can learn to fly just as surely in a cub and much less expensively—though perhaps with a little less glamour. But, anyway, until you get into the more advanced ships there won't be any "little girl in the big cockpit" atmosphere, and no heavy flying suit and goggles to make you look like a strange creature from another world. You will wear ordinary sport clothes when you fly.

The question of financing your course, for many of you, will loom as a major problem. But it need not be such a large one, if you want to learn to fly more than you want that new permanent, or that extra movie each week. Whether you are still in school and on an allowance (perhaps earning a little extra money on Saturdays and during your vacations) or are out of school

and working at a steady job, it is largely a question of budgeting. Lessons in a cub will be six or eight dollars an hour solo, and eight or ten dollars an hour dual, depending upon the locality. Half-hour lessons are the usual rule for beginners; it depends on your budget whether you can afford one three-to-five-dollar lesson a week or more. But it is not wise to spread your instruction out too thin, or you will not gain as much per hour as if you could take two or three lessons a week. So, if you can save up a nest egg before starting your instruction, you will make better progress. You might then have one lesson a week on your budget and possibly an additional lesson or two out of your savings.

You probably have heard of girls who financed their flying lessons by working in the school office in exchange for flying time. This may seem like an ideal solution to you. You'll be right on the spot, you think, simply keeping books; but watch out, such an arrangement has many pitfalls! It depends largely upon the man you are working for. In some cases it has worked out satisfactorily, but in general I wouldn't recommend it. The trouble is that with such an arrangement you fall into the category of employee instead of student, or paying customer; and your boss, being a business man first and foremost, will give you secondary consideration whenever a regular student appears. You will have to squeeze your lessons in at odd times when your instructor is free and when work in the office is at a standstill. The better plan is to keep your work separate from your flying. Make flying your recreation, not your salary, and you will enjoy it more. Much of the joy of learning to fly is in "hangar flying"—which means going out to the airport on a Saturday, or Sunday, or long summer evening, and just sitting around listening to old-timers tell of flights they have made. It is instructive as well as fun, too, to discuss the new mysteries of flight with "kiwis," beginners like yourself.

ONLY one more problem remains, that of ground school, and then you are ready for your first flight lesson. The C.A.A. requires you to pass a written test covering the subjects of meteorology, air navigation, civil air regulations, and the servicing and inspection of aircraft and engine, before you will be allowed to take the flight test for a private license. If you are taking instruction at an approved school this will not present much of a problem, since regular classes will be scheduled one or two evenings a week and you will be taught the necessary information just as you are now studying various subjects in high school. Or if you live near a large city, there is probably some near-by college, university, or trade school which gives these courses. If such a course is not available anywhere near your home, you will have to study on your own. This is not especially difficult, but it requires perseverance and concentrated study. Like most things in this world, however, a pilot's license, if it is worth anything at all, is worth doing some hard work to gain. Fortunately the C.A.A. has published a series of excellent pamphlets which thoroughly cover the material you will be required to know. You need only to sit down and learn the contents of these bulletins. (I will list them at the end of this article.) They may be obtained at a very low price from the Superintendent of Documents in Washington. Since your instructor has himself taken these same tests, plus several more advanced ones, he will usually be glad to help you over any difficult places in your studies.

Now you are ready for your first flight lessons! What a day that will be! First, your instructor will show you, on the ground, how the controls work. Next he will take you up in the plane and demonstrate the action of the controls again, in actual flight. He will probably point out important landmarks and tell you something about the boundaries and elementary traffic regulations. Then will come the big moment when he says, "You take it over for a while. Try to keep it flying straight and level by means of stick and rudder!" Up to that point you have only been following him through on the second set of controls. Now he holds his hands up to show you that you are doing the flying.

Unless you are different from anyone who ever learned to fly, you will come down from that first flight with your head in a whirl and a feeling that you will never, no matter how long you try, be able to remember so many things at once. But you will find out, in even a few short lessons, that everything falls into place; and that in time many things become automatic and leave your mind free to cope with the others. Do not be discouraged if you learn slowly—and I can't emphasize that enough! Girls learn more slowly than boys, mostly because of a lack of familiarity with mechanical things. In the long run, however, girls make just as good pilots as men, and the Army even admits that they make better instructors. They have more patience and give more attention to detail. So don't mind if the going is tough at first, just stick to it—and until at least three good instructors have told you that you will never learn to fly, don't give up. And maybe not even then.

In the next eight hours with your instructor, you will learn many things; how to use a parachute, how to enter and recover from accidental stalls and spins (unless it is a spin-proof plane, and your primary instruction is not likely to be in such a plane), how to taxi the plane on the ground, all kinds of turns, landings, and take-offs. You will also learn a few maneuvers prior to solo, in which you follow a pattern over the ground with allowance for wind drift. This will lessen your concentration on the immediate handling of the controls. Once you have learned to fly automatically, without thinking of each movement of the hand and foot, with your attention on an outside object, you will be well on the way to becoming a pilot.

The day you make your first solo will undoubtedly be the biggest one in your aeronautical life—and it should be—but the competent instructor will not let you dwell unduly on it, or let you get the impression that you know all there is to know about flying. Nothing is further from the truth. All you will know is enough to get you into the air and down again safely—maybe.

The greatest worth of the first solo lies in its value as a confidence builder. When your instructor steps out of the plane and says, "Take it around by yourself a few times," you will be shaking in your boots. Even though it is nothing more than the same circuit of the field you have made a dozen or more times before, it is different the first time alone. Now you are really learning to fly; and in the subsequent hours of instruction with your instructor and practice by yourself, you will be increasingly surprised at how much there is to know about flying.

Later, on the road to a private license, will come a cross-country flight, first with your instructor and then alone. For the first time you will fly over strange terrain, land under strange conditions at unfamiliar airports. You will feel like an explorer opening a new frontier, even if you only fly to an airport fifty miles away.

BEFORE you have accumulated enough flying time and gained enough proficiency so that your instructor recommends you for a flight test for a private license, it will be necessary for you to take a written test on ground-school subjects. If you have been studying on your own, it will be a good idea to find someone who has recently taken the test and can give you a few hints on it. Provided you have now reached your eighteenth birthday, you are ready to take your flight test whenever your instructor feels that you are qualified. You will probably have little trouble with the test, since your instructor would not risk his reputation by sending you up for it unless he felt reasonably certain you could pass it.

Once you are the proud possessor of a private "ticket," you are privileged to fly when and where you wish and even to take a passenger so long as you don't do it for pay. From this vantage point—that of a full-fledged pilot—many new roads open before you. You may branch out in many different directions from this main route. Do you wish to add to your aeronautical skill and eventually gain a commercial license and fly professionally? How would you like to qualify for (Continued on page 41)



PART

SEVEN

By RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN

As the mystery in Judge's Hollow rises to new heights of danger and tenseness, Martha and Minnie prove to be a pair of heroines

THAT'S Terence," Minnie said—and then I was sure I had been tricked into coming to the cave. For the burly creature sprawled on the bench, wearing a sheepskin coat and great muddy boots, surely could not be the slender boy I knew. I turned angrily on Minnie.

She put her cold lips to my ear. "It's him, I tell you," she hissed. "They got him gagged and tied up, like I told you. Look—he kin hear us!"

If the captive, whoever he was, could hear us he certainly could not see us, for a cap of some shaggy fur had been pulled down over his eyes, concealing most of his face and acting as an effective blinder. He groaned, struggling to free his arms from the ropes that bound him so cruelly, and the effort seemed to drain his strength. His body grew limp and his head fell back.

Muffled voices and the sound of footsteps came from behind the wall to my right. I turned my head sharply and saw an iron door in the rough stone. Evidently there was a second—an inner—cave, and presumably Rideau and his Germans were discussing their nefarious business, whatever it was, in there. I realized we must do what we had come to do and be gone as quickly as possible. Someone might come out of that inner room at any moment.

The dark passage, which had been so terrifying while we were traversing it, now seemed to close protecting arms around me, and I could hardly bring myself to step into the flickering light of the cave. But I had to know if that trussed-up figure on the bench was really Terry.

I forced my unwilling legs to take a few steps into the room; and then, leaning forward and stretching my arm out as far as I could—ready to jump if the figure on the bench wasn't Terry—I knocked the cap from the man's face.

Minnie had told the truth. That red wavy hair was Terry's, and the small, triangular scar showing above the bandage over his mouth completed the proof. Dirty and ghastly white, it was Terry's face, unmistakably.

I began frantically trying to loosen the heavy ropes, but my frenzied attempts only seemed to

draw the knots tighter. "Help me, Minnie," I gasped, and she came over to the bench carrying a tin cup filled with water which she had dipped from a tall cask in the corner.

"I can't budge these knots," I whispered, "and we haven't a moment to lose."

"Here," she grunted and handed me a knife which she drew from her belt. I cut the gag away from Terry's face and Minnie held the cup to his mouth. The water trickled from his pale lips and ran down his chin. It was horrible to see Terry so wanly unconscious, but I kept on sawing back and forth at the heavy ropes until I managed to free his arms, which dropped limply so that his hands brushed the hard dirt floor. I caught first one wrist and then the other, and rubbed them. After a minute or so Terry opened his eyes, blinked, and stared weakly up at me.

"I'm delirious," he muttered.

"No, you're not, Terry," I assured him. "I'm Martha all right. Take a drink before you try to talk—and for goodness sake don't speak above a whisper."

Terry stretched his arms as if he still doubted that they were free, then took the cup and drank eagerly.

"Martha, you're an angel," he began, but an expressive sniff from Minnie made him add, "and Minnie, you're a cherub!" Then his face grew stern.

"What in time are you two doing here?" he demanded. "Do you rea-



UNBOUND AT LAST, TERRY WAS WOLFING THE COLD MEAT WHEN FOOTSTEPS WERE HEARD BEHIND THE HEAVY DOOR

lize the danger you're in? How did you get here?"

Indeed we were in danger—danger that was growing greater every minute. "One thing at a time," I whispered as lightly as I could. "Minnie brought me here through the tunnel. We came to help you."

"The tunnel!" Terry exclaimed. Then he added, "That isn't exactly safe, either, you precious ninny. Didn't you have to scramble over a cave-in or two?"

"I hardly know," I answered. "We just walked and climbed and crawled till we got here." My knife sawed through the last rope around his ankles. "See if you can stand up now, Terry," I begged.

It took all the strength Minnie and I had to pull him to his feet, but once up he managed to take a step or two. Then he wavered and sat down. "My feet are numb," he explained, "and my head is, too. They biffed me about a bit, you know, and I haven't had anything to eat since breakfast—which I didn't finish because of your call about Major."

"Here," Minnie said again, and I'm sure the cold, gritty pork chop she took from her coat pocket must have tasted good from the way Terry wolfed it.

"Boy," he breathed, then stiffened as angry voices raised in dispute and hurried footsteps sounded behind the iron door.

"Quick!" he whispered. "Tuck the ends of the rope under me and pull that cap down over my face. Okay. Now duck behind the water barrel. Someone's coming in here!"

We reached the water barrel with not a moment to spare. Just as we crouched down in the dark corner behind the cask, a key grated in the lock, hinges creaked, and the iron door swung open. Two men stepped into the room. I could feel Minnie tremble against me, for Rideau was one of the pair. The other, a tall, straight-backed man of middle age, was sharp-featured and aristocratic in his bearing, although the sheepskin coat and fur cap he wore were as shabby as Terry's.

"Ah, you are still here, I see, *mon brave*," Rideau mocked, starting toward the bench where Terry lay, but the taller man pulled him back.

"That one is safe enough," he growled, "and we have little time to waste, idiot!" His voice was crisp, his accent Oxford-trained, but the guttural harshness underlying the accent was certainly made in Germany.

Rideau turned on his companion, snarling. "I am eediot, then. But you are not *vairee cleclair*, yourself, to have prevent me from rowing thees young spy out on the lake when we first saw heem. Then *splash*—and who would *evair* know?"

"How many times must I tell you that we wait for Heinrich to deal with this interloper?" the other snapped. He eyed Rideau narrowly. "Why do you sniff the air like a hound, eh?"

"Eet is strange," Rideau muttered, "but I smell flowers. Violets!" He sniffed again.

"Violets!" the big man snorted. "You are crazy, Rideau." But I

crouched farther back in my dark hiding place. That drop of violet perfume on my handkerchief!

"Oh, so first I am eediot, then crazee?" Rideau shouted. "No one shall call me crazee, not even you, Franz von Mechlin!"

The German clapped his hand across Rideau's mouth. "Enough of that!" he commanded. "We had agreed to mention no names. And speak, if you must, in a lower tone. Our friends—" he gestured toward the inner room—"need not know all our affairs."

Rideau shook off the other's hand. "I still say you were the fool not to get rid of thees spy. The old fox is sharp, *mon ami*, and he smells danger in everee moment of delay."

The German's smile was as cold as his ice-blue eyes. "We shall wait for Heinrich, whether you approve or not," he said. "All is in readiness. The trucks are again waiting in the gravel field, and when Heinrich arrives, the men—and the Americans, too—will be put aboard them."

"*Bien*," Rideau snarled, "but Heinrich had better arrive soon! Eef he es not here by four o'clock, I weel start the trucks on my own responsibeelity."

"Since when have you taken responsibility around here?" the other demanded, but Rideau caught hold of his arm impatiently.

Illustrated by
CORINNE
MALVERN



"Behold, *mon brave*," he urged, "our plans for departure have been set forward a whole twenty-four hours because of your stupidity. Who was eet brought the troopers like a nest of hornets about that field? When that fool poet came meddling around the gravel pit and found the trucks we had hidden there, you were not content to hide behin' a tree and let him alone. No, you must speak to heem, and then, when he bolt like rabeet, you must shoot heem!"

"I had to stop him," von Mechlin answered. "But he is not badly hurt."

"Phut!" Rideau said scornfully. "Who cares for that? Eet ees the risk you make for all that annoy me. Weeth everyone seeking thees poet, we must move faster. Already young McGovern suspects—so, too, does that Meadows. He went to Elizabethtown weeth two of the troopers today. They are warn', and so I tell you that whether Heinrich reach here in time or not, there must be no more delay!"

"Rideau giving orders!" the German sneered, and I saw Rideau clench his fists. But he only repeated doggedly, "I weel start those trucks, *mon ami*, at four by the clock, no matter whether Heinrich comes or not. It makes no difference that you do not like it."

"You amuse me," the other said coolly, as Rideau turned away. "Wait! Put more wood on the fire before you go."

Rideau's face was a study as he sullenly obeyed the arrogant command. "Any further orders, Monsieur?" he asked sarcastically.

The German shook his head. Rideau hesitated, then shuffled across the room and into the tunnel.

Well, I thought grimly, Minnie and I shan't be going back that way! Then I dismissed that not too pleasant thought for more urgent worries. From the argument I had just heard, it was clear that Rideau and his Germans expected to move on somewhere else this very night, and that they had Claude as well as Terry in their power.

The man whom Rideau had called von Mechlin

THEY RETREATED INTO THE SHELTER OF THE TREES. "DON'T MOVE," MINNIE BREATHED. "THAT'S HIM"

The Story So Far

Martha Bristow, sixteen, visiting relatives, the Fairfields—elderly father and middle-aged daughter—in their ancient house on Lake Champlain, finds herself in the center of a mystery. This involves a sinister ravine, Judge's Hollow, from which issue unexplained sounds; the concealed entrance to a tunnel in the Fairfield cellar, presumably leading to a point on the lake from which runaway slaves were once spirited into Canada, as the house was formerly a station on the Underground Railway; a field containing a valuable gravel pit; an F.B.I. man, Dr. Meadows, working with his young assistant, Terry McGovern; Rideau, a villainous French Canadian and his weak-minded daughter Minnie, Miss Elly Fairfield's maid; Larsen, the Fairfield farmhand; his fiancée, Frieda Hansen, owner of the field; and her brother-in-law, Claude Hopkins, a minor poet of whom Larsen is unfoundedly jealous.

Claude Hopkins tries to buy Frieda Hansen's field for two hundred dollars, concealing the existence of the gravel pit and the fact that he has had an offer of five thousand dollars for it; and when he disappears, leaving his parked car with trampled, bloodstained snow around it, the State troopers suspect Larsen, who has gone out with his rifle in a huff, "to shoot squirrels," after seeing Claude in conversation with Frieda.

The farmhand protests his innocence, but a note is found in Claude's car: "Keep away from Frieda Hansen's field if you value your life." No member of the Fairfield household believes that Larsen is guilty, sensing that Claude's disappearance has something to do with the mystery in the Hollow.

Minnie is terrified into leaving by her father, Rideau; and later, through her efforts, the entrance to the tunnel is unearthed in the Fairfield cellar. Before Dr. Meadows and Terry can explore it, however, Terry's dog, Major, is half killed by Rideau, and Terry himself goes off to follow a hunch which, he believes, will unravel the mystery. He does not return, and Minnie tells Martha that he is a prisoner in the cave where her father is hiding Germans—escaped war prisoners from Canada. She begs Martha to help her rescue Terry, and the two girls enter the tunnel which, Minnie says, comes out in the cave. Reaching it, they see the figure of a man, bound and gagged, lying on a bench.

walked over to the freshly blazing fire and stretched his hands out over the flames. For several minutes he stood there, warming himself and whistling between his teeth. Minutes of torture for me, for my cramped knees were threatening to give way, my nose tickled, and I prayed fervently that I might not sneeze. Minnie, too, was having a hard time to hold herself rigid, and it was a tremendous relief to both of us when the German finally turned his back on our corner and walked over to the bench where Terry lay, still apparently unconscious.

"Too bad, Herr McGovern," he drawled, "that you were not so clever as that dog of yours. He, at least, left his mark on Rideau—which is one reason why the little man would like to get his hands on you."

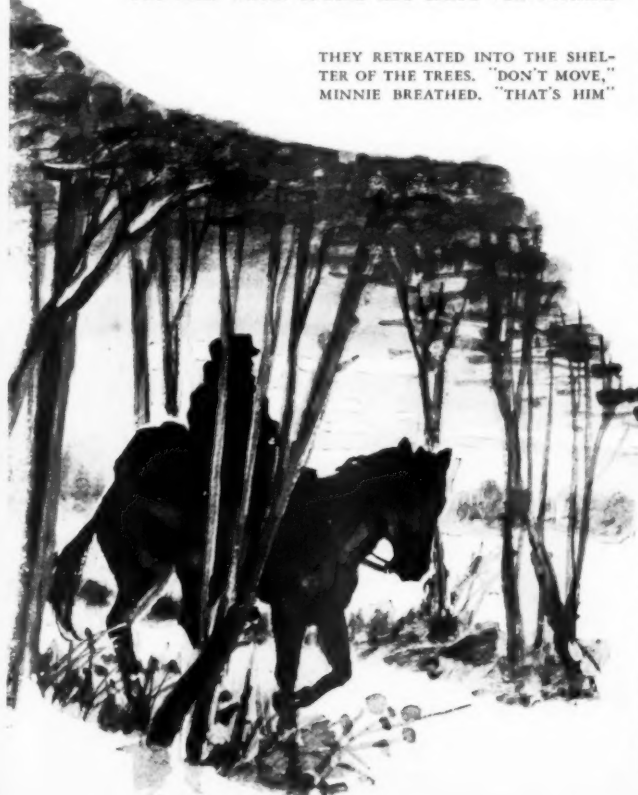
Suddenly he straightened and glanced all around the low chamber in the rock. "There is a smell of violets here!"

Minnie's cold hand caught mine.

"And that cup," von Mechlin said, "was hanging on its hook by the water barrel when last I was in this room!" He drew a blunt automatic from an inner pocket of his coat. "Something strange has been going on here," he said. "Herr McGovern, I must have a closer look at you."

I shook my hand free from Minnie's frightened grasp as the German stooped over the quiet figure on the bench. Then I jumped to my feet. For Terry, throwing off his bonds, had flung himself bodily on the German, forcing him backward. Fascinated, I watched him twist the tall man's right arm up and back, inch by inch, until the pistol fell clattering to the floor.

"Martha!" Terry gasped then, and (Continued on page 33)





Courtesy of Norfolk and Western Railroad

THESE *are the* THINGS



Other photographs by Paul Parker



YOU'LL DO

Above left: TO BE A RANGER AIDE, YOU MUST HAVE A GOOD PAIR OF HIKING LEGS UNDER YOU. CROSS COUNTRY TRAMPS, OVERNIGHT HIKEs, AND WORK IN FIELDS AND WOODS WILL BE PART OF YOUR TRAINING

Above right: YOU WILL CERTAINLY PLANT SOME TREES AS THESE GIRL SCOUTS ARE DOING. YOU MAY TAKE PART IN A REFORESTATION PROJECT TO RESTORE BURNT, CUT-OVER, OR ERODED AREAS NEAR YOUR HOME



Above left: YOU WILL LEARN HOW TO COOK FOR A GROUP WITH PRIMITIVE EQUIPMENT, OR NO EQUIPMENT AT ALL. THESE SCOUTS ARE DOING STICK COOKING

Left: CONTROL OF THE DISEASES AND BLIGHTS WHICH ATTACK OUR WOODLANDS IS VITALLY IMPORTANT. THESE WASHINGTON, D. C. GIRL SCOUTS HELPED TO ELIMINATE BLISTER RUST WHICH THREATENED VALUABLE GROVES OF WHITE PINE TREES

Right: RANGER AIDES WILL HAVE TO BE ABLE TO CAMP UNDER PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS. THERE WILL BE NO STURDY TENTS WITH WOODEN FLOORS, AT THE END OF THE TRAIL. THESE SCOUTS ARE LEARNING HOW TO FOLD UP A BEDROLL





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SCOUTS WORK WITH A WILL
AT CLEARING OUT BRUSH. YOU
MAY DO THIS WORK FOR FIRE
PREVENTION, FOR CLEARING A TRAIL,
OR FOR BEAUTIFYING A CAMP SITE

Left: YOU WILL LEARN HOW TO
PUT UP A CANVAS SHELTER TO
GET THE MAXIMUM PROTECTION

IF YOU HAVEN'T DONE SO ALREADY, YOU WILL LEARN HOW
TO MAKE FAG BAGS TO HOLD CIGARETTES AND MATCHES
—WHICH THE FOREST SERVICES GIVE TO THE PUBLIC

as GIRL SCOUT RANGER AIDES



ONE OF THE THINGS A RANGER AIDE WILL LEARN IS HOW TO FIGHT EROSION OF THE
SOIL. YOU MAY START OUT WITH TOOLS LIKE THESE TO WORK ON THE BANKS OF A
STREAM OR THE EDGE OF A GULLY WHERE EROSION THREATENS THE SURROUNDING LAND



GIRL SCOUTS OF RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA ON A HIKE

WOULD you like to know how to plant trees? Know how to take care of yourself in a primitive camping situation for at least twenty-four hours? Know how to help decrease the large number of forest fires in this country? How to help found a forest that will belong to your community? If any of these things appeal to you, and you are fourteen years of age or over, then perhaps you would like to be a Girl Scout Ranger Aide.

In many towns and cities in this country there are Girl Scout Ranger Aide projects in operation. Has one been started in your town?

A ranger is a "keeper of a park or forest." Girl Scouts who give time, energy, and thought to being keepers of the great out-of-doors of this country are called Ranger Aides.

Every citizen of this country, young or old, should be interested in and should take active responsibility for:

- The preservation of forest lands
- The maintenance of wild-life sanctuaries
- The natural and planted beauties of a community
- The helping of other people toward a better appreciation of living things
- The projects that will stop or hinder the erosion of the soil
- The fair treatment of all wild animals. (By "animal" we mean anything that is not a plant or a mineral).

It is impossible for many young people to start their Ranger Aide service with glamorous activities such as fighting forest fires, planting thousands and thousands of trees, or working on a huge reclamation project. But all can do something about the conservation of wildlife, soil, and forests in one way or another.



GIRL SCOUT RANGER AIDES

HERE are some steps and suggestions, if you think you would like to be a Ranger Aide, or, at least, to do something to further the welfare of the out-of-doors.

1. Talk to the leader of your troop and ask her if she thinks the older troop members might be interested. Your leader can get a pamphlet telling about Ranger Aides by writing to the Program Division, Girl Scouts, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. If you are not a Girl Scout, talk to the leader of a nearby troop, or call the local Girl Scout office. There might be a Ranger Aide group you could join.

HERE are some of the Ranger Aide activities that Girl Scouts have already done here and there in the United States.

Some Girl Scout campers grew tired of having mud wash down into their outdoor kitchen, so they cut and painted over two hundred stakes, drove them into the hillside, and covered them with brush to hold back the water.

Picnic areas in public forests have been cleared of winter leaves and twigs and other fire hazards, and put in order for the public to use.

In many places, young trees by the thousands have been planted in Girl Scout camps, or on public lands.

Girl Scouts, trained by foresters, have taught forest fire prevention to other groups of people.

Girl Scouts have given talks to other community groups on forest fire prevention and tree planting.

Thousands of "fag bags" have been made by Girl Scouts and given to the forestry departments of the various counties and States.

Message bags have been made. These bags are used by airplane fire spotters, and messages about location of the fire are dropped to the fire fighters.

In co-operation with State forestry departments, Girl Scouts have worked to help eradicate certain destructive plant blights and pests.

Young forest trees in nurseries have been cared for, the soil weeded and cultivated, and the trees transplanted.

Trees have been pruned and thinned.

Signs on public lands have been repaired, or made and installed by Girl Scouts.

Bird feeding trays have been maintained on public lands during the winter months.

Brooks and small streams have been cleared and opened.

TO BE a Ranger Aide, a Girl Scout has to prepare herself. Some of the things she should know, and know how to do, are these:—

1. Be familiar with the State fire laws as they affect wooded property, either public or private.

2. Know the principal provisions of the game laws in the State.

3. Be familiar with the prevailing plant blights and

Here is absorbing, vitally important work Girl Scouts over fourteen can do for their country

By MARIE GAUDETTE, Girl Scout National Staff



pests, and learn what is being or could be done about them.

4. Learn how to handle, use, and keep in good condition the following tools—jackknife, hatchet, hand ax, ax, pruning clippers, pruning saw, buck saw, sickle, bush clippers, shovel, grass shears, lawn mowers.

5. Help plan an overnight camping trip and demonstrate that she knows how to take care of herself in a primitive camping situation for at least twenty-four hours. This should be done by taking only the bare essentials in the way of food, clothing, and equipment. She must also demonstrate her good sportsmanship and consideration of others.

6. Be able to identify at sight and know something of the habits and value of at least six wild mammals, twelve wild birds, three reptiles, three fishes (if possible), three toads or frogs.

7. Know the treatment of common insect bites.

8. Be able to identify the poisonous snakes (if any) in the State and learn what to do for snake-bite.

9. Learn how to identify poison oak, poison ivy, and poison sumac; learn how to avoid being poisoned and how to treat oak, ivy, and sumac poisoning.

10. Learn to prepare at least two nutritious one-pot meals over a campfire.

IT WILL be seen that a Girl Scout who learns the ten things listed above should then be ready to take part in some specific conservation project.

There is great need for people to take an interest in the conservation of wildlife in this country. There is a pressing need for all people to become interested in and to do something active about the conserving and planting of trees. This war has made a tremendous demand on the lumber areas of the United States. Citizens can do a great deal to help conserve what we have left, re-plant old areas, and set aside new areas. Girl Scout Ranger Aides have not been idle, but have been doing their small share by taking better care of the wildlife on Girl Scout property and offering their services to work on public lands.

An interest in conservation makes it necessary for one to learn something about nature. A real knowledge of nature makes a person conservation minded, whether he wills or no! Every kind of living thing has work to do—has contribution to make toward the health and welfare of the out-of-doors.

A human being, who wishes to do something to help preserve the out-of-doors for all to enjoy, learns as soon as possible the ways of wild creatures—how they live, what they do, and their place in the balance of nature.

The nature badges for Intermediate Girl Scouts are an excellent preparation—any or all of them—for Girl Scouts who wish to become Ranger Aides, or wish to do any kind of work in conservation.

One of the great contributions any Girl Scout can make to the work of conservation is to become, or continue to be, a good outdoors person—a person who knows the ways of camping, hiking, and general picnicking; a person who knows how to lay and light a fire and obeys the safety rules; who knows how to cook a simple meal with little or no equipment; who is not afraid of the inhabitants of a piece of woodland.

Speaking of being afraid, there are very few things to fear in the out-of-doors—a Ranger Aide learns that! Most people

are more or less afraid of snakes, skunks, bats, "worms" of all kinds, and anything that remotely resembles a "bug."

A Ranger Aide knows that most snakes are non-poisonous and learns to recognize the poisonous ones in the parts of the country where they exist; learns that skunks do not go out of their way to spray, but do so as a protection—most people who have spent much time in the woods have never been sprayed by a skunk. Every Ranger Aide knows that bats do not get caught in your hair, are not dirty, are not blind, and (in our country) do not suck blood. As for "worms," spiders, and "bugs"—it is a Ranger Aide's business to know that most of them are beneficial and that few are to be feared.

Girl Scouts who have become Ranger Aides have found that they have increased their enjoyment of the out-of-doors because they have learned to know the out-of-doors.

Psychologists tell us that we are born with but two fears—the fear of falling and the fear of loud noises. Perhaps, somewhere, we all have a fear of the unknown which accounts for some people's fear of certain creatures of the wild. To overcome these fears, by knowledge, is a real service to other people because it means we do not hand on unfounded fears and thereby destroy another person's possible love for the out-of-doors.

If you are a Girl Scout and have become interested in this project, suggest to your leader that she send to the Program Division, Girl Scouts, 155 E. 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., and ask for a free copy of the pamphlet *Ranger Aides*.

And if you are not a Girl Scout, but are interested in becoming a Ranger Aide and cannot find others with that interest, why not read over the things a Ranger Aide has to learn and see how many of these things you can practice by yourself? You will then be ready to pass that knowledge or skill along to someone else.

And if you are not a Girl Scout—why not?

Sketches by
KATHLEEN
KELLY

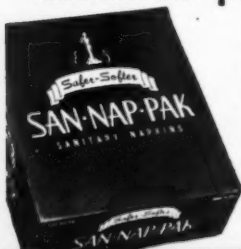


JUDY HAD THE JITTERS

—until she discovered
Sanitary Protection
with a **PLUS!**



Girls! San-Nap-Pak Sanitary Napkins give you extra comfort and protection!



Switch to SAN-NAP-PAK, and laugh at the calendar! Made with the famous pink "Layer of Protection". Extra safe. Invisible under clothes.

JUST SAY "Sanapak"

MABEL ROBINSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

pursued arduously but never at the expense of her chosen profession.

The record of her literary successes is impressive. Her book, *Juvenile Story Writing*, is a standard work on that subject. Her numerous books for children have earned her wide recognition; along with the well loved *Little Lucia* series, they have gone into many editions. *Bright Island*, a more recent novel for older girls, full of the flavor and charm of Maine and its island life, was a Literary Guild choice, while several of her children's books, together with her biography of Louis Agassiz, have been translated into foreign languages and have been re-printed in foreign countries. *Island Noon*, her latest book and first adult novel, is moving drama. It has depth and power, and is written with a rare simplicity and directness suited to its theme—and its author.

It is two years since *Island Noon*, and a new book seems due. Knowing Dr. Robinson's love of exploration in new fields, one anticipates something entirely different as her next contribution. To a mind as productive as hers, expressiveness is a necessity; and, moreover, her unusual quality as a teacher of creative writing is directly related to the fact that she is not a professor safely established behind a desk, but a striving, achieving artist.

There is no part of the difficult journey her students must take, which she has not herself traveled ahead of them. She is familiar with the road's steep declivities, its exhilarating rises, its unexpected turns, and its baffling dead-ends. She is in a position to comfort, advise, and encourage as only a seasoned traveler can, and she offers no deceptive propaganda about laurels plucked on the way. The journey with its toil, defeats, and victories is its own reward.

Because of complete lack of egotism in Dr. Robinson's teaching, one comes to a perception of its quality gradually. There is no brilliant performance of the sort that exploits the teacher—her kind of contribution is unobtrusive. It has no arrogance, but instead an unassuming naturalness that can be, at first, deceptive. "I couldn't have done that," she will confess generously to someone who has won through to excellent results after persistent effort.

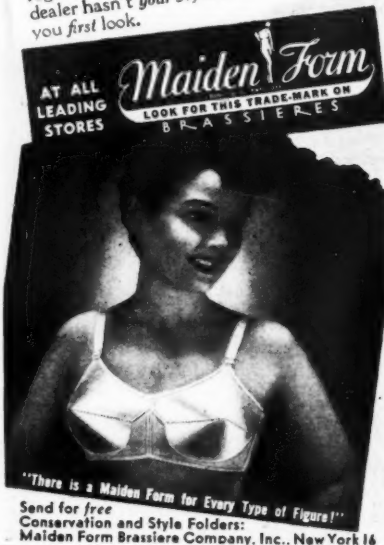
The group whose relation to Dr. Robinson is the most intimate is *The Juvenile Story Workshop*. To those students, she is a very human friend. They like her caustic irony, her flashes of impish humor, and the candor with which she admits her own weaknesses. Her occasional lack of diplomacy can be magnificent, occurring as it does in defense of what needs defense, and in disregard of her own interests. Her impatience with artificiality blasts pretense right out of a classroom and timidity right out of students. They learn to face her forthrightness with something like its equivalent.

Some members of the Workshop are already established writers in the juvenile field, who return periodically for the stimulation they get and the critical check-up they want. There are always some beginners who forge

(Continued on page 32)

CUT A NEATER FIGURE in Brassieres by Maiden Form

Ten to one your gal-friends with smart "figgers" give nature the right kind of first aid. Your figure, too, will look much nicer when you wear the brassiere Maiden Form designed for your type of bosom. Select carefully, buy sparingly—it's only fair, these days, when all good things are scarce. However, Maiden Form makes deliveries regularly, so try again soon if your dealer hasn't your style when you first look.

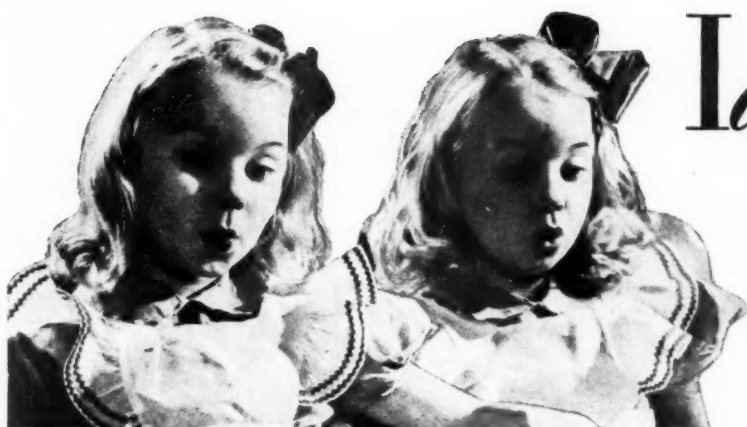


To take the lead, and hold it, is fun! And it's easy to do when you eat Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets. They're "tops" for quick energy—lasting food energy. You'll like this handy-candy form of Horlick's—for meals and in between, too. Take Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets wherever you go. Chocolate and plain. 10¢ and 25¢.

Ask your Mother to buy Horlick's, the Original, in powder form. Always ready—easy to prepare for home use. At all drug stores.



**HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK TABLETS**



Identical!

"Mother! I can't find my sweater."

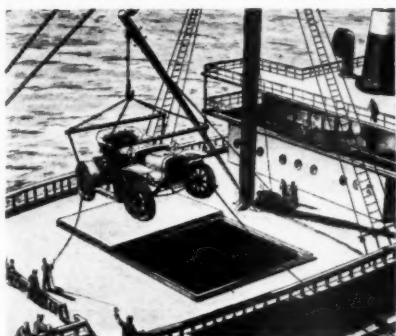
"Well, wear one of Jean's, then."

"Mother! I can't find my hat."

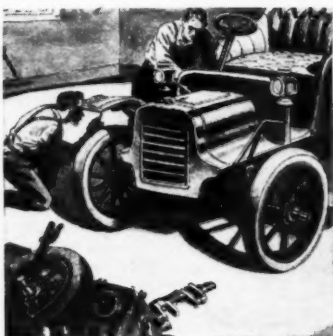
"Well, take one of Joan's, then."

That's how it goes when you have twins in the family.

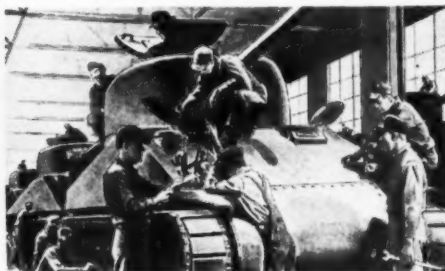
In industry, this idea is called "interchangeability of parts." And it's been a General Motors keynote since the earliest days.



A great contribution to this very idea was made by Cadillac in 1906 when they decided to try for the Dewar Trophy, a prize for the greatest mechanical advance made by any motorcar manufacturers. They shipped three cars to London.



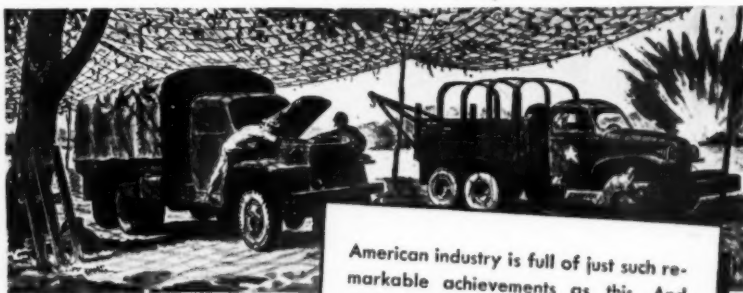
These three cars were then taken apart and the parts put in one big pile. Then American mechanics assembled three complete cars from these mixed parts, ran them, and won the trophy.



General Motors men realized that this principle of making parts exactly alike so they could be used interchangeably must be applied in manufacturing better things for more people. Using this principle, motorcars by the millions were mass produced. And when war came, these General Motors men had the know-how to make war machines by the same methods in vast numbers and in record time.



Today, under the destruction of war, interchangeability of parts is a lifesaver. Machines of war can be repaired from each other's parts or spare parts. This plane, for instance, will be ready to fly again in a few days.



And think of the fronts where ground crews must work frantically to make repairs under fire. Precious minutes are saved for our side because every part fits with jewel-like precision.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

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American industry is full of just such remarkable achievements as this. And that's because, in our country, men have been rewarded for doing things in new and better ways.

This is the idea responsible for much of the good, full life of prewar days. It has certainly been of great aid to the war effort. And it will just as surely produce more and better things for more people in the years to come.

**KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE WAR BONDS**



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

THE FIGHTING FILIPINOS

The American drive to recapture the Philippines has swung attention to islands where the names of historic places—Manila, Bataan, Corregidor—ring mournful bells in our memories.

When General MacArthur left the island fortress of Corregidor, he promised the Filipinos that he would be back. At this writing, he and his forces have started to fulfill that pledge in a tremendous way.

What sort of people are the Filipinos, at the cyclone center of the struggle, and what kind of homelands do they live in?

Before the Spanish-American War, rela-



tively few Americans knew where the Philippine Islands were, or that they belonged to Spain. Since then, the United States has grown Philippine conscious. But as recently as November, 1941, the compilers of a questionnaire announced that hundreds of thousands of Americans thought Manila was in Cuba, or in South America.

Manila—whose location was unfortunately made clear to all Americans by the Japs—is the administrative hub of a chain of more than seven thousand islands stretching across 1,120 miles of ocean. Their area is about twice that of our State of Michigan. On them live seventeen million people.

Most Filipinos come of the same racial stock as the Japanese, but they've never liked the Japs. They're a mixed race, the Filipinos. A few are the descendants of those head hunters who were advised by missionaries to stop hunting heads and start playing baseball instead. They took the advice.

Americans who traveled widely in the islands before Pearl Harbor tell us the average Filipino is courteous, music-loving, full of winning ways. Beneath his apparent gentleness, though, there is plenty of good, hard courage.

By and large, he's a better man than before the Americans took over. Under U. S. guidance, the population of the islands rose from seven millions to seventeen millions in forty-one years. Bubonic plague, smallpox, and cholera were ended. Thousands of deep wells were dug; thousands of schools, hospitals,

roads, and bridges were built. The budget was brought into balance, even though taxes were surprisingly low.

The plain man's badly balanced diet was so greatly augmented and improved that his average height went up from four feet eleven to five feet four.

Manila, where five of the eight thousand Americans in the islands used to live, was a place of surprises. Its weirdly vivid sunsets startled many a visitor. Its pungent odor of copra (dried coconut) and of fish made it a city of memorable smells. Its traffic, with ox-drawn and horse-drawn vehicles and taxicabs competing for the right of way, was boisterous, confused. Americans found its steamy climate hard to take.

Even in the best homes there were tiny lizards, chirping like sparrows, running up and down the walls and even across the ceilings. They were given houseroom because they caught flies, mosquitoes, and other insects. But, now and then, they would fall into the soup.

Gone is that pre-Pearl-Harbor city. Today's Manila is still scarred by the explosions and fires of Japanese invasion. Its citizens are underfed, for the Japs decreed that wages were to be reduced one half, in spite of Jap-fostered inflation.

The Filipinos did not take the invasion lying down. The native troops which General MacArthur had trained fought side by side with the Americans. After organized resistance stopped, guerilla bands started making life unpleasant for the Nips. In fact, there has been so much patriot activity, far away from the big Japanese centers of strength, that the Japs are said to rule less than half of the islands' total area.

Moreover, a vocally gifted Filipino, Juan de la Cruz, has long been taunting the Japs—sending out his voice from his secret and elusive radio transmitter. One of his targets was the proclamation of Philippine "independence" by José P. Laurel, the Jap-controlled puppet "president." The real president, Sergio Osmeña, is hoping, so we're told, to fly to Manila just as soon as it has been liberated.

According to the original plan, the United States was to give the Filipinos complete independence on July 4, 1946. But present revised plans, it's said, call for final freedom right on the heels of the coming American victory.

Liberation cannot come too soon for General MacArthur. "They are waiting for me there," he said, a few weeks ago. "It has been a long time."

THE CROESUS OF CATS

America is having a pet boom. Hundreds of pet shops are feeling it. Dogs, cats, canaries, goldfish, turtles, and tropical fish are out in front—the favorites. Then, too, there have been requests for monkeys, chimpanzees, boa constrictors, ocelots, and sweet-tempered skunks—orders which certain stores have been able to fill.

Calls for elephants, pythons, and a baby tiger gentle enough to be led up Park Avenue on a leash have been answered with, "Sorry, we just can't get them."

It would seem that, despite the troubles rationing brings, animal lovers are loving animals harder than ever. Some of them, moreover, have been worrying about their pets' future—and taking appropriate steps.

There's the case, for instance, of the twenty-three blue-blooded Pekinese owned by the late Mrs. May Marguerite Shaw. These canine aristocrats—four of them are called Yummie, Cuddles, Fuzz Wuzz, and Baby Dear—are now plutocrats as well. Mrs. Shaw's will named an old friend, Mrs. Ita Mae McGuire, as guardian of the Pekes and left a trust fund of a hundred thousand dollars for their maintenance.

An alley-cat, Buster, of Brookline, Massachusetts, is even richer. (Our artist has sketched him.) His master, a millionaire lawyer named Woodbury Rand, left forty thousand dollars to his housekeeper as Buster's guardian. He left Buster, the cat, a brush and comb and harness and, in addition, a cool forty thousand for himself, to the end that he might have every cat comfort.

To make it plain that Buster's well known tastes must be regarded, there's this passage in Mr. Rand's will: "Any personal property



of mine which would add to his pleasure, such as my radio, sweaters, three electric fans, shall be at his disposal."

Buster, interviewed by newspaper men, did not have much to say. Nor would he strike an impressive pose for photographers. "He must be a retiring homebody," one of the reporters said. "He just wants to sit on a cushion and purr at the thought of all the money he's got."

FAMED AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS LOOK AT M-G-M's

An American Romance

America's best-known illustrators were invited to see AN AMERICAN ROMANCE. On this page we have reproduced a few of their impressions of stirring moments in this great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. AN AMERICAN ROMANCE is truly America's love story!



Artist **ALEX ROSS**, with brilliant touch, has caught the ecstasy of love, the fire of young dreams, the thrill of struggle, the call of adventure.



EARL CORDREY'S painting captures the glow of young love!



DEAN CORNWELL pictures the determined dreamer who sees untold opportunity in the shining horizon of a new land filled with great promise.



BRADSHAW CRANDELL, with an artist's insight, sees all the joyous romance of courtship in this gay jaunt in a surrey.



JOHN GANNAM captures on his canvas the heart-warming moment when the happy newlyweds arrive at their first home.



DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS portrays the supreme confidence of youth as Steve Dangos points out the world he will conquer!



Illustrator **GILBERT BUNDY** amusingly reveals the warm humor of the daring ride in the early auto that led to fame and fortune.



S. EDMUND OPPENHEIM in his beautiful painting, has caught the spirit of a young girl's abiding faith in the man she loves.

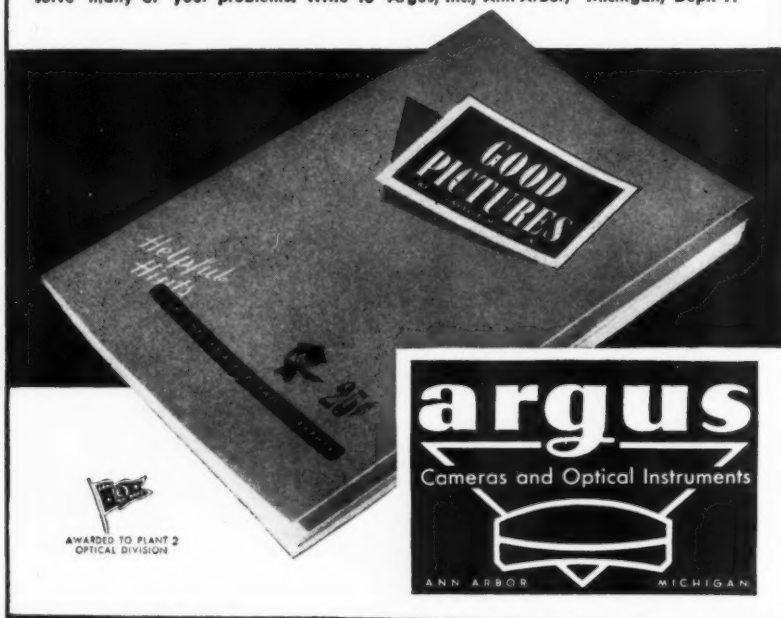
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

KING VIDOR'S production **An American Romance** in **TECHNICOLOR**

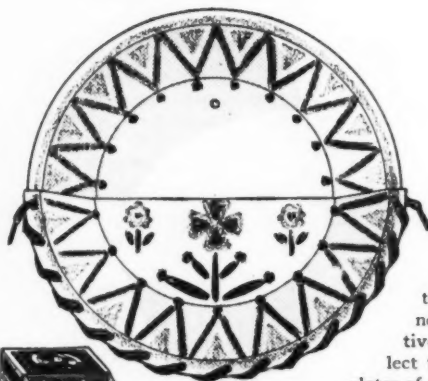
STARRING BRIAN DONLEVY with ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • An M-G-M Picture

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This wall holder, for keeping grocery bills, radioprograms, whisk-brooms, snapshots, letters, pot holders or what not, will make an attractive gift or prize. Select two ordinary paper pie

plates of identical size. Cut one plate in half and punch matching holes in both plates and stitch with colored twine, wool yarn, shoestring or ribbon—or you can glue edges together. Punch a hole at the top. Decorate with CRAYOLA, the finest wax crayons made. If you can't find CRAYOLA in your local stationery, toy or 10c store, send 35c in stamps (not coins) to:



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Save the directions. Cut along dotted line.



MABEL ROBINSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

ahead steadily, and others who drop by the wayside—according to temperament. The one thing that is not tolerated in the group is for any member to fail in his obligation to the rest.

Dr. Robinson has built this unique teaching experiment upon the solid basis of service. Everyone's work is read carefully by everyone else, and class meetings consist of a round-table discussion of the material submitted for the evening. There are no assignments in the usual sense. Each person is at work on a project of his own choice. The group is limited to about fifteen, and five manuscripts are read and criticized each week.

The criticism is frank and constructive. It is the most valuable part of the work of the group, not only for the people whose projects are under discussion, but almost more so for those who, that evening, are contributing only their share of comments.

The student, under this method, has an opportunity to observe the growth of other writers. He learns to scrutinize his own work more carefully—to turn on himself that same critical faculty he employs for others. He becomes sharply aware of the pitfalls to be avoided and more keenly appreciative of the qualities to be acquired. He is at work in a laboratory which offers him examples of the most practical sort.

But although every member of the Workshop has an individual responsibility to the whole, the main burden for the welfare of all rests on the shoulders of Dr. Robinson. To handle fifteen diverse temperaments, each with its separate demands, is no small task in the field of creative work, for in the final analysis—if there is a conflict of opinion, as occasionally happens—she becomes the arbiter, not from choice but because her judgment has been proven oftentimes right.

Her authority never imposes itself arbitrarily. "This is your story," she reminds the writer of his prerogative to reject an idea or criticism. Only when the group as a whole concurs in an opinion, is he advised to consider revision seriously.

The creative impulse, so easily injured, so vulnerable to discouragement, requires intuitive handling. A lifetime of valiant independence in protecting her own creative experience has taught Dr. Robinson this and has made her compassionate to the needs of others. She knows, at the same time, that nothing develops maturity and fortitude like the struggle to achieve them. The student, therefore, is spared nothing as he travels this road under her guidance. If he cannot take criticism he had better choose another kind of direction.

Perhaps in no one phase of her work is Dr. Robinson more skillful than in her sensitive perception of the time when a student should be left alone and the time when he should have a needed hand. Her associates have watched her more than once lift a student, floundering in the intricacies of plot, onto firm ground where his story suddenly assumes direction and purpose. But this is never until he has exhausted his own resources. Her superior mastery of the writing

craft is never permitted to intrude and sap another's confidence.

Dr. Robinson threatens to retire at the end of the coming spring session of 1945, but it is difficult to imagine her withdrawal from usefulness. One can retire from a University faculty more easily than from human need.

DARK HOLLOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

I ran over to him. "Pick up that gun and give it to me," he ordered.

How I ever managed to retrieve the pistol from under the feet of the two struggling men, I'll never know. But I did it and I slipped the horrid thing into the reaching fingers of Terry's hand. In that second the fight seemed to go out of the German, and Terry brought down the butt of the pistol on the man's head with a stunning blow. Von Mechlin crumpled to the floor.

With Minnie's help, Terry forced the gag into the German's mouth, bound his arms, and tied him to the bench. As a final touch, he pulled the fur cap down over the prostrate man's face. Anyone glancing into the room might have thought it was Terry who lay there.

When it was over, I sat down weakly on another bench, but Terry gave me no time to catch my breath.

"Now," he said, "you two must get back to the Fairfield farm at once. You'll have to go back by way of the Hollow—Minnie knows the way. I must stay here until—"

"But, Terry," I interrupted, "you can't stay! It's too dangerous."

"Now, Martha," he protested, "no moaning at the bar, please. Time's too short. You heard Rideau say he would start the trucks at four?"

"Yes," I breathed, "I heard what he said. And they are planning to take you and Claude with them. What do you want me to do, Terry?"

"I want you to get hold of Doc Meadows the minute you reach home, and give him a message. Understand?"

I nodded mutely.

"Now listen carefully. Tell Doc the information he got from von Mechlin doesn't hold—he's been double-crossed. The gang is clearing out *this* morning, not to-morrow—so he must have the troopers at the Hollow entrance to the cave before four o'clock. *This morning!* And it's now—" he glanced at his wrist. "My watch has stopped."

"It's now," I said shakily, "five minutes to two."

"Golly, you'll have to fly! Now, Martha—" Terry grasped both my hands—"be careful, won't you, dear? You're not apt to meet anyone going through the Hollow, but you might run into Schmuck on the road. Promise me—if you see Schmuck, or any of his gang, you'll hide! And stay hidden until he's safely out of earshot. Never mind if it delays you. Promise?"

The tears in my eyes were answer enough, I suppose, for Terry gave my hands a squeeze. Leaning closer, he whispered, "Don't let Minnie out of your sight!"

"I won't," I whispered back. "I wouldn't know how to get to the road without her anyway. But, Terry, please come with us.

TO A LADY IN THE DARK



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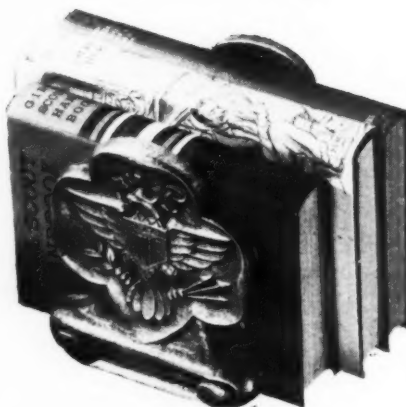
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Even if you have a gun, you're only one against so many."

"Maybe so," he agreed lightly. "But you heard them say that Claude is here—and, well, I'm not going to leave him to Rideau's tender mercies. He's in there with the Germans and he's helpless—wounded in the leg—so I've got to stand by. Don't keep me talking, there's a good girl! Just beat it if you want to help. Open the door, will you, Minnie?"

Minnie tossed her head resentfully, but stalked, nevertheless, over to the wall opposite the inner cave. There, reaching above her head, she tugged at a lever embedded in the rock. A section of the wall swung inward, and the cold outer air rushed past us, scattering the ashes on the hearth.

"There you are," Terry said. "Remember, the troopers at the Hollow entrance before four o'clock—and hurry!" He pushed us gently out into the darkness and closed the door.

"Gimme your hand," Minnie murmured, "and don't turn on your flash."

I followed her blindly, stumbling along a path in the side of the ravine. Branches lashed my face, brambles tore my coat, but Minnie went on unerringly. The ground became a tangle of roots and stones as we climbed upward—and what a climb! I was sobbing for breath when I felt the firm pavement of the road beneath my feet.

"I have to rest a minute," I panted, pulling Minnie to a halt. Then, "Now take my arm, and we'll walk as fast as we can."

As we swung on, arm in arm, I plied Minnie with questions, partly in an attempt to unravel the mystery and partly to keep from thinking of Terry's danger back there in the cave. Her replies were garbled, of course, but I learned that Rideau's part in the plot—whatever the plot was—had been to slip out by night in his motorboat and meet parties of Germans at designated points on the northern border of Lake Champlain. He conveyed the men to the hide-out, the cave in the side of Judge's Hollow. How he became associated with von Mechlin and Schmuck, and what the Germans were doing in the United States, she either could not or would not tell, but I could make a guess.

I asked her why she had chosen me to go and help Terry. The poor girl wouldn't answer that; all she would say was, "I seen the light in your window. And you was the one he liked best, anyways."

I patted her hand, not knowing just what to say, and we scurried along, the half-thawed snow squelching under our feet.

"Listen!" Minnie said suddenly. "Somebody's comin'!" She pulled me into the shelter of the trees. "Wait!" she whispered.

The wind rattled the branches above us and a dog barked, far away. I was aware of other sounds, too, growing nearer—the jingle of bridle reins, and the steady *clop-clop* of a horse's hoofs. Presently we could see the rider, black against the graying northern sky. He was heavily wrapped to offset the cold, and two bulky sacks were strapped to his horse's back behind the saddle.

"Don't make a move," Minnie breathed in my ear. "That's Heinrich, Heinrich Schmuck!"

(To be concluded)

YOUR SCHOOL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

there will be good ones and bad ones, funny ones and serious ones. There'll be teachers who have tempers and get headaches and suffer from fallen arches. They'll have colds and family troubles and money problems, just the way your parents do—and the way the people you'll have to work with, once you are out of school, will do. Because they are just people, thank goodness, and people are like that.

And, being people, they will want to do their work well and will be fundamentally kind at heart; they will enjoy life and be interested in you. Above all, they will be specialists in their line; and if you overlook that fact, you're passing up something that might work for your benefit. Have you ever checked up on your teachers' fitness for the jobs they are doing? It might surprise you to learn that most teachers' preparation for their work ranks well with that of doctors and lawyers—sometimes even exceeding it.

Every young person needs a few adults among her friends, if she is to grow up to be a well balanced, poised individual. Teachers can be ideal friends—they have an adult point of view coupled with the ability to see things from your angle. Goodness knows they should—no other group is around you as much as they are.

Well, you say, granted that there is an advantage to me to number some teachers among my friends, how am I to go about getting them?

There are two magic keys—genuine interest and good manners. Have done with apple polishing. Teachers usually have studied enough psychology and mental hygiene and what-have-you so that they see through that at once; they go down like ice in the sun, however, before the magic of genuine interest and good manners. You know—the kind of manners you would use on your boss, if you were working; on your mother's friends, if you visited them; on any older person you honestly respect and admire; the sort of manners that brand you as a rather smooth, in-the-know young person.

You have a wonderful chance to practice those relations with older people, right here in school. A great many of you will be going into jobs some day. There, along with the good ones, you will probably meet some cranky, unreasonable, demanding bosses. Not many of these bosses are going to see things from your point of view; few of them will bother to make things smooth for you. All they will ask is that you get the job done. Why not pretend that school is a job right now? Tackle it with common sense, judgment, tact, and determination. Look upon an exacting teacher, or a difficult assignment, as an excellent setting-up exercise for the real thing that will come later.

NOBODY has to tell you that school is the place where you get your training for the sort of woman you want to become—poised, efficient, cultured, popular, well adjusted. You know, even if you don't talk much about it, that education is the tool you will need to use in life, your greatest help in social and

(Continued on page 37)

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"A LASTING PEACE"

LONDON, ENGLAND: Ever since I got back to England I've been meaning to write you, but what gave me the final push was that letter from Hassell Grimes. If writing about different States is a good idea—why not different countries?

But first I must tell you that I came over to the United States in 1940 and have only been back a few months. I'd like to say that—excepting only England—America is the swellest, nicest, most wonderful country in the world, and I'm coming right back after the war! I'm sixteen, and if I were still in America, I would just have graduated from high school.

This is the third year I've had *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I love it. My aunt's good-bye present was a subscription, and it just seems to be a link across the ocean.

A lot of the girls at school ask me what American boys and girls are like, so next term I'm just going to bring back an armful of copies of your magazine and let them find out for themselves! I'm now impatiently waiting for my August issue to find out what happens in *Dark Hollow*. I think all your articles are wonderful, and my favorite characters are the Downings and Yes-we-can-Janey.

I guess you've heard quite a lot about flying bombs. I've seen a few. They make a peculiar purring sound and fly quite low. They look rather like baby aeroplanes—and do they make a noise when they explode! But I'd just like to tell you that London is carrying on the same as ever.

There are a great many Americans in this country, although, of course, since D-day lots of them have gone. Over here we're praying for them all.

I wish we could have a mutual exchange of girls and boys to see each others' countries and learn to understand more about them. In my humble opinion, this would do more towards establishing a "lasting peace" than anything else could do.

My sister and I are both Girl Guides and like it very much. I am a Cadet, which I think is about equivalent to a Senior Scout. Our promise is "To train for further service in the Guide movement."

Well, I wanted to let you know that people in America aren't the only ones who say, "Keep *THE AMERICAN GIRL* going. It's a wonderful magazine!"

Jessie C. Faber

SUGAR PLANTATION

LA ROMANA, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the most interesting magazine I have ever read. I have received it for three years. I enjoy the stories about Lucy Ellen and her sister, Pat Downing.

I live on a big sugar estate owned by an American firm. They ship a lot of sugar and molasses out of here.

I'm fourteen-and-a-half years old and am in second year high school. As I am an American, I go to an American school. There are quite a few Americans here, but no girls around my age. As Spanish is the language of this country, I speak it fluently.

The Caribbean Sea is only a short distance from my house.

I have traveled in the United States, especially in Michigan and Wisconsin. I have also been to Puerto Rico.

My hobbies are bicycle riding, horseback riding, swimming (which I can do all year round), and stamp collecting. I also like to cook and sew.

I hope to be a Girl Scout some day.

Janet Beyersdorf

HUNTING

CLANDEBOYE, NORTH IRELAND: This is the second time I have written and I have never had so many letters back for one letter!

Well, my point in this letter is to describe an Irish, or English hunting field. So many people thought that you shot with a gun. There are three kinds of hunting—fox, harriers, and stags. Stag is much too fast for us, and also too dangerous. People have to bring two horses usually, so they can change when one gets too hot for going any more.

The stag hounds (dogs) go over any jump they come to, and frightfully fast.

In fox hunting, you get up very early in the morning and ride to the meet, where you will find hounds, and the master and whip who wear green coats. In England they wear scarlet.

When everyone is at the hunt, hounds go and draw a wood. When they find a fox, the huntsman blows his horn to go. Then, so as to keep up, we usually follow a huntsman or whip who is easily distinguished from the rest of the field.

It's such fun! You jump hedges and litches, cross fields and streams.

After a good run, the hounds kill. You

cannot count yourself a real hunter until you have been "blooded"—which is rather horrid as you have blood smeared over your face and you are not allowed to take it off for a night. Sometimes you might get the mask pad or brush of the fox, which you can have mounted. It is an honor to get these as it's the first up after the kill who gets them.

Harriers are rather feeble in comparison with this. You only just go after a hare—and go at twelve o'clock—but it's fun, too.

Well, I hope I have given you a picture of the hunting field—and if this isn't put in, do have an article written on hunting.

Neelia C. Plunket

LONDON

LONDON, ENGLAND: I started taking your magazine with the May issue, as a gift from my friend in America. I enjoy it very much and so do my friends who have seen it; not only is it entertaining, but of much educational value, especially to readers who are not Americans.

I am fourteen and go to Southgate County School, which I like a great deal. I have lived in London all my life, and am proud to be a Londoner. I think I'd rather live in London than anywhere else—yes, in spite of the flying bomb attacks. It is such a beautiful city, and there are many places of historical interest near where I live.

The ambition of most British girls is to visit America after the war. I would very much like to see your great country, and also I want to go to France and Italy.

My favorite article in your magazine is *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. The letters from various American States were most interesting to read. They say Texas weather is changeable. It couldn't be more so than ours! But I love London even when the rain is pouring down, because it means such a great deal to British people, at war.

About the best thing that could happen after the war would be the beginning of a great international travel organization, to enable young people of the Allied Nations to visit the countries of their friends across the sea. This sort of thing would be most warmly welcomed in Britain, I'm sure.

Lastly I'd like to say I agree with the girl from Puerto Rico, who said that magazines like yours can do much in encouraging friendship with foreign nations.

Iris Lesley Briggs

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

YOUR SCHOOL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

business life. Not the information you are getting, although that is important, but rather the skills, the habits, the ability to think, the problems in human relations you encounter each day.

There is something rather important that you may not have thought of, however. It is this: The future of America depends on the things you learn at school. The future of any country rests with the things that all boys and girls learn in that country's schools. Let's see how that works.

When Hitler started out to make of Germany the monster she became, where did he start? He took over the public schools; he began with the youth, educating boys and girls to carry out the sort of program he wanted. The people of Japan are as they have been taught to be; so are the English, the French, the Russians; so are we Americans.

We believe that the ideals of America are worth fighting for, and dying for. And they are. We learned to think that in our public schools. The things we are going to think about in our country, to do in our country, in the years that are coming are being determined now by the things you are thinking and doing in your schoolrooms.

I WORK with young people all the time, and let me tell you what I think about you. I think, first of all, that you are under rather a big strain now. Many of you are left with home responsibilities, with your parents working. Many of you are worried about fathers or brothers away at war. You are upset by the general unrest all around us, so that sometimes you do and say things you really don't mean at all.

But I believe, over and above all that, that you are *thinking*, as no generation before yours has ever thought, at your age. You are thinking honestly and sincerely and clearly. You are knowing that unless you can adjust satisfactorily your relations with your own family, your friends, your teachers, your associates, you aren't going to be the sort of person who can work out right attitudes with the nations of the world.

I like the way you are thinking. Moreover, I feel you are coming to some right conclusions. I have a notion that I'm going to be rather proud to turn the world over to you—come a few years from now.

MUST Be SINGING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Mr. Gorth nodded. He looked consideringly at the young soldier. "It still gives me a lift, seeing these young salmon safely started. What a journey—from here, through rapids and canyons and out to sea. Places where, ever since the last war, I never could go myself."

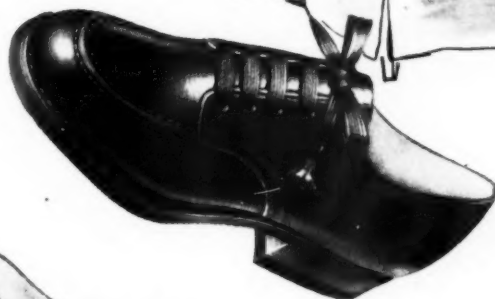
Rose laid down her feather and went over where the two of them were standing.

"Mr. Gorth," she asked earnestly, "do you mean to say that in the last war you—"

(Continued on page 39)



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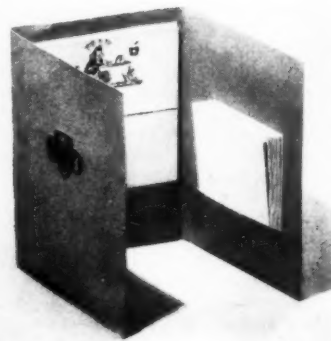
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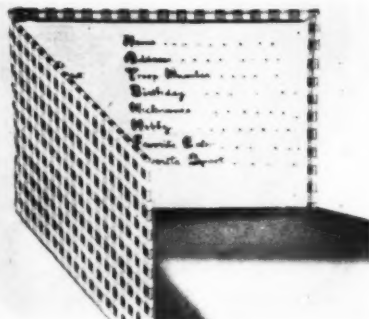


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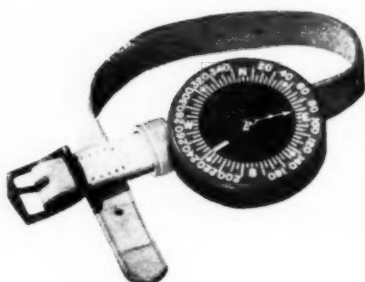


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MUST Be SINGING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

you were hurt, too—just like Ronnie was?" "Don't make it sound like such a handicap, because it isn't," he told her. "Of course, after I came back home from France it got me down at first, knowing I could never travel the hills again like once I used to. Then I hit on this job at the hatchery. And now, sort of fitting into the wilderness scheme of things—"

Rose looked at Ronnie Barnes. It was as if something deep inside him had sprung to life again. He squared his shoulders. As he turned to Rose, the light of a new purpose was shining in his eyes that had been so dull and listless.

"Rose, you're great," he declared, seizing both her hands. "You told me there should be some way. Now, thanks to you, there is! If Mr. Gorth could do it, I can."

"Sure you can," the older soldier encouraged. "You can do it right here. Start in part-time—or full-time—with me, any day you want."

After Ronnie's months of frustration, this first moment when a happy, useful future was dawning for him, seemed to Rose too precious to be broken into by any word of hers. So she stood there, silent, smiling up at him. Outside along the brimming creek, the water-ouzel was singing its message of good cheer, and in the girl's heart there was singing, too.

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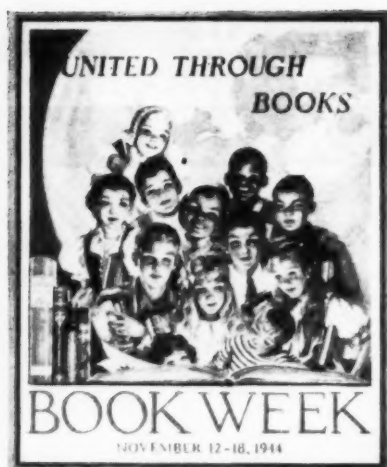
...or keeping up the good work

Have a "Coke" says a hard-working shipbuilder to his mates and they enjoy a refreshing moment long enough for a big rest. From sunny California to the coast of Maine, workers have learned that *the pause that refreshes* helps everybody do *more work and better work*. Whether in a shipyard or in your own living room, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—has become a symbol of friendly relaxation.



"Coke"—Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".



THESE smiling faces of boys and girls from all over the world announce the twenty-sixth anniversary of Book Week with the slogan, "United Through Books." This year the celebration has spread beyond the limits of the United States on its way to worldwide observance. The poster reproduced above will appear in England, Russia, Brazil, Mexico, Nicaragua, India, and other countries, and appropriate ceremonies will take place.

This year's slogan is a timely and inspiring one. We cannot all have firsthand knowledge of the far corners of the globe, but we can learn something about the daily lives, the ideals and thoughts and feelings of boys and girls in other lands, and something about the countries they live in, through reading about them in books. We can understand how and why people of other countries are different from us—and that, under these differences, they are often very much like us. Such understanding leads to friendship—and friendship among the young people of the world will help to build that unity which is our hope for a lasting peace.

Here is a story of boys and girls in Poland. *Four From the Old Town* (Scribner's, \$2) by Antoni Gronowicz (whose story of a Polish girl patriot, "Mania," was so popular in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*) is a tale of four high school boys and girls whom you will find very much like yourselves, only these young people happened to live in the old Polish city of Lwow during the German occupation. Busy with work at home and studies at school, enjoying themselves on picnics in summer and skating parties in winter, the four friends had never realized how much their country meant to them; but when they discovered a traitor in their midst and Nazi tanks began to roll over the frontier, they felt that no sacrifice was too great to make for Poland. They endured privation and hardship with spirit, kept up their studies at an Underground school and, as members of the Underground themselves, risked their lives again and again, sustained by their faith in the ultimate freedom of their beloved city and country. The book ends with the patriots raising their voices in a song of rejoicing on the day of liberation of Lwow. The incidents in this story are based on fact, and the picture of a country under Nazi domination is authentic.

GOOD TIMES with BOOKS

By MARJORIE CINTA



One of these cold, blustery days when you are sighing regretfully for past summer fun, read Elizabeth Enright's *Then There Were Five* (Farrar, \$2), for this author can weave with words a spell that whisks her readers into the sights and sounds and smells of summer days and nights in the country. The happy summer described in this book is enjoyed by our old friends, the engaging Melendys, at their home, the Four Story Mistake. They continue their characteristic adventures—Oliver, absorbed in fishing and the study of moths; Mona, trying her hand at cooking and canning while housekeeper Cuffy is away; Rush and Randy, conducting a scrap drive through which they meet Mark Herron and his cruel cousin, Oren Meeker, with whom Mark lives. What is to become of Mark when Oren is killed in a fire that destroys the Meeker home? The Melendys have a plan and Mark has hopes. Who wouldn't want to join the Melendy family?

Another story of a delightful American family and a happy summer is *The Great Gold Piece Mystery* (Oxford, \$2) by Elizabeth Honness, former Managing Editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Sally and Rob Foster, an attractive sister and brother, have a lively curiosity about the great dam and reservoir which their father, an engineer, is building in the Catskills where the family is spending the summer. As though the good times of a fun-loving, congenial family in the beautiful Catskill Mountains were not enough—or the excitement of watching the building of the dam and seeing for themselves the vast amount of work involved in bringing water to the great city of New York—almost at once mysterious things begin to happen. Rob and Sally determine to find out whether there really was a face behind the window that seemed to wink at them from an empty house; who left the still-warm ashes near the old well; and what happened to the boy who used to live in the Waring house before the family were forced to move because their land was needed for the reservoir. In trying to solve the mystery, the young Fosters gain a new friend, share some dangerous adventures—and Sally learns that it sometimes pays to be a tomboy! The author has skillfully woven her interesting and authentic material about the Ashokan dam—which her engineer father helped to build—into the exciting details of the mystery and the pleasant incidents of family life. This is a thoroughly good story.

Butterfly Takes Command (Macrae, \$2) by Helen Elmira Waite is a vocational story which will be especially interesting to readers who are thinking of careers in library work, for the library scenes are based on actual experience. Unlike many such tales, the heroine in this book is not a brilliant, assured young person. In contrast to the poised, efficient Hempstead twins, their attractive younger sister Bee—nicknamed "Butterfly" for her flightiness—felt awkward and inept. So convinced was Bee of the jus-

tice of her family's amused estimate of her as undependable and incompetent that she almost flunked her first year at college. But when she took a summer job as assistant in the public library, Bee, although she made her share of mistakes, found her real interest in life. How she lost her feeling of inferiority, made her family aware of her ability, and incidentally helped round up a group of Nazi spies makes a story you will enjoy.

Merritt Lane, of *The Great Tradition* by Marjorie Hill Allee, returns to Chicago after two years of zoological work in the West Indies, in *The House* (Houghton, \$2) by the same author. Merritt, trying valiantly to hide a constant nagging pain caused by John Gordon's departure for the Dutch East Indies with no word for her, is dismayed to find that almost all of her old friends have left Chicago. With some misgivings, she becomes a member of an assorted household which is being run co-operatively on a shoestring. Disaster threatens the venture more than once, but the steadfastness and courage of the group of young people who are running it, carry them through. Merritt finds that her interest in *The House* and its members have helped her weather a bleak period of worry and anxiety, especially after Pearl Harbor, and to carry on until John's return. There is both bitter and sweet in this modern story of young people, who discover the value of friendship through their experience in co-operative living.

If you want to learn more about the WACs—what they are like, how they live, and what they do, read *WACs at Work* (Macmillan, \$2) by Fjeril Hess, Editor of the *Girl Scout Leader*, for this story gives an honest picture of the fun and comradeship, as well as the hard work, of the Women's Army Corps. It gives also the sense of responsibility and the earnest purpose to serve their country which animate these young American women. Sue Bates, Josephine Barrows, and Angela Borelli (the Three B's) and Dorothy Petersen (Pete) are the kind of alert, modern young women you yourself will want to be. They had taken their basic training together at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. Pete went off to her beloved Division of Chemical Warfare; and the B's got their wish when they were assigned to an air-force base, where Angela worked in the photo lab, and Sue and Jo, after some difficulties, were assigned to the signal office—Joe to work in the Link Trainers and Sue in the traffic control tower. The girls loved all the details of this "strange new women's Army where they worked on an equal basis with men" and felt keenly their responsibility to make good at many kinds of work—work that, a short time before, the Army men at the base would have thought them incapable of doing. Just before Pete and Angela are sent overseas, the four friends have a reunion and look back with satisfaction on their Army life. The book is illustrated with official Army Air Force photographs.

SKY'S *the* LIMIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

an instructor's rating and teach others to fly, either as a job or just for the fun of it? Would you like to fly sometimes on overcast days when other pilots are grounded? Instruction in a link trainer and under the hood will help you earn an instrument rating. Or perhaps your aeronautical ambition is to constantly learn to fly new and different types of ships whenever your finances permit. Maybe you even hope to own your own ship some day. And with new mass production methods, and the surplus of planes of various types after the war, this may not be as fantastic a dream as you think. Whatever your plans, you will find your license a source of great satisfaction and enjoyment, and you will be proud to be a woman pilot.

Some day the present restrictions will be lifted. New and better airports, less expensive planes, and a larger air-minded population will open opportunities to fly undreamed of in prewar days. And you will have in your hand a pilot's license—the key to the postwar flying world.

Suggested Reading

Hartney, Lieut. Col. Harold E., *The Complete Flying Manual*, National Aeronautics Council, 1940. A very concise and clearly drawn picture of the fundamentals of flight.

Jordanoff, Assen, *Your Wings*, Funk and Wagnall, 1937. Flying for the layman with some humor and good flying horse sense.

Lindbergh, Anne Morrow, *Listen to the Wind*, Harcourt Brace, 1938. The more picturesque and poetic side of flight.

Langewiesche, Wolfgang, *I'll Take the High Road*, Pitman, 1939. A "must have" in any aviation enthusiast's library. A vivid and interesting account of flying as a sport.

Langewiesche, Wolfgang, *Lightplane Flying*, Pitman, 1940. One of the best and most readable treatments of the subject.

Meyer, Dickey, *Needed—Women in Aviation*, McBride and Co., 1942. Different types of job opportunities for women in aviation.

Putnam, George, *Soaring Wings*, Harcourt, 1939. A biography of one of the best flyers of them all. Amelia Earhart's own three books, though a little out of date by now, make interesting reading.

Weemes, P. V., *Air Navigation*, McGraw Hill (third edition), 1943. By popular pilot opinion the best book on the subject.

Saint-Exupery, Antoine de, *Wind, Sand and Stars*, Hitchcock, 1940. This Frenchman has caught the sheer beauty of flight and the basic philosophy of flying in this and his two subsequent books.

U.S. Department of Commerce, Civil Aeronautics Administration, Washington, D. C. Bulletins, Superintendent of Documents.

No. 22 *Digest of Civil Air Regulations for Pilots*.

No. 23 *Civil Pilot Training Manual*.

No. 24 *Practical Air Navigation*.

No. 25 *Meteorology for Pilots*.

No. 26 *Aerodynamics for Pilots*.

No. 27 *Pilot's Airplane Manual*.

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GALLOPING GOOSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

appeared, the whole sky grew dark and a few snowflakes came drifting down.

"Here comes my first snowstorm," Nella cried happily.

But Jan began to grow a little apprehensive; she could feel her mother's tenseness. Of course this was really nothing to be alarmed about. But Mother had traveled so much; she didn't get worried easily, and she was worried now.

"Here's Lizard Head Pass," Joe told them. "When we go through this long snowshed, we're over the Divide. Then we'll be going downhill."

They went in semidarkness through the long shed. Out in the open again they gained speed for a time, but the wind was stronger on this side of the Pass and drifts blew in wild gusts across their track. Snow began to fall heavily.

"Now you've had quite enough snow, Nella," Mrs. Ramsey said lightly. "I'll be glad when we get out from under this cloud and can see some of the scenery again."

The engine ahead of them bumped and stopped, and bumped forward and stopped again. It backed a little and then moved forward. There was a muffled crash.

The engineer and fireman climbed down from the cab and went forward. After a time the fireman came back to the Galloping Goose.

"Not so good, Joe," he said. "We hit a rock on the track, and the snowplow's out of commission. There's a seven-foot drift ahead, too."

"Boy!" said Joe. "I don't think I can back, the snow's drifting too fast. We gotta go ahead. Let's see that plow—maybe we can fix her. Just a minute, folks."

He left with the fireman. The twins looked at their mother. "Maybe our birthday idea wasn't such a good one," Jan said ruefully.

"Of course it was," Mrs. Ramsey assured her. "This is an adventure we can tell Dad. Don't worry. These men are used to coping with snow and stormy weather."

"I never did think I'd be stopped by snowdrifts," Nella said chirpily. "Will I ever tell the girls back home! Look at that wall of snow up there."

Jan somehow didn't enjoy looking at it. This bleak mountain pass seemed very far away from the pleasant everyday world. As they waited, twilight came upon them. The flakes fell around them, the wind blew, and the snow was piling up around the Galloping Goose with sinister swiftness.

Joe came back through the storm and addressed Mrs. Ramsey. "Well, ma'am," he said, "it sure looks like we're stuck. I'm sorry. But it ain't too bad. They'll be sure to get us out in a day or two."

"Snowbound!" said John jubilantly. "W'hoopie! Just like the movies."

"Wo—won't we freeze to death?" Jan asked, surprised to hear a quaver in her voice. She hoped fervently that John hadn't noticed it.

"No, sir!" Joe said stoutly. "We're darn lucky to have that engine here. We got coal enough to keep us warm for days."

The tension in the back seat of the Gallop-



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ing Goose relaxed. Mrs. Ramsey patted Jan's knee and Nella gave a little chuckle.

"Only trouble is," Joe went on, "you get kinda hungry. You didn't buy much grub, did you, Son?"

"Gosh, no," said John. "We haven't anything left but grapes."

"Well, I'll go see if the crew has anything in their lunch boxes," Joe said, and stumped off. Soon he was back again with two pairs of boots in his hands. "The engineer says for you folks to come up to his cab and warm up," he said. "Then we'll figger out what to do. Hope you ladies can walk in these boots; it won't do to get your shoes wet."

Night was coming fast as John took his mother forward to the engine cab and then brought the pair of boots she had worn back to Jan. Nella put on the other pair and they started out. It seemed unbelievable to Jan that they could be slipping and staggering through a mountain-top storm when they had meant to be having dinner in a bright, warm room somewhere in the valley below them.

With their huge boots the girls clambered with difficulty up the steep steps of the locomotive cab. They found themselves hemmed in, in a narrow space lit by firelight, for the fire door was open and the flames from the big firebox cast a flickering light upon them. On each side of the cab was a long narrow seat, one for the engineer and one for the fireman. Her mother was ensconced on one, and the elderly engineer told Jan and Nella to sit down on the other. The men, standing

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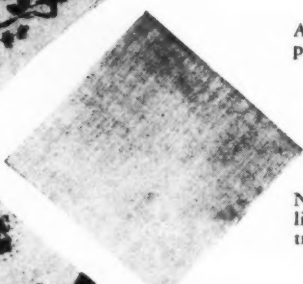
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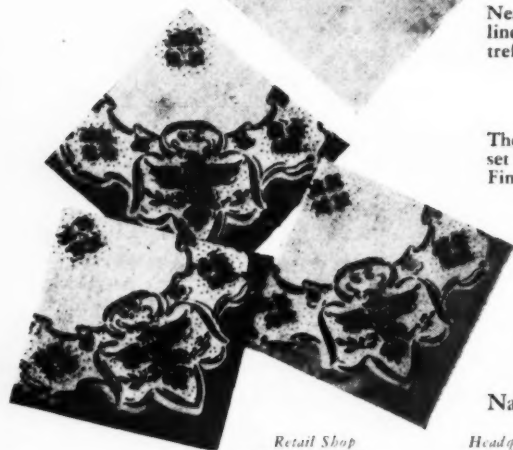
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on the iron apron which led from cab to tender, were protected from the weather by canvas curtains, though snow blew in on them through various cracks. It was a weird scene, but Jan felt her spirits rise a little. It was good to see the leaping flames—the firebox seemed almost like a fireplace.

"Isn't it nice to be warm, girls?" Mrs. Ramsey exclaimed.

"And I got a pint of hot cocoa in my thermos," the engineer told them. "And four buns, though they're not buttered. We'll divide them up right now."

"Thank you, but we can't think of taking your food," Mrs. Ramsey said firmly. "I'm sure you will need it."

"Now look, lady, you haven't the endurance we have," he explained. "This isn't much, but we'll divide it even. Prob'ly we'll get help by tomorrow. You'll sleep better if you have a bite." He cut each dry bun in half and gave the girls and Mrs. Ramsey one cup of cocoa, while the men and John took turns at the second cup. It was delicious, but the small sips were only tantalizing to their urgent appetites. John started to pass the grapes around for dessert, but the engineer put a hand on his arm. "Might as well save them for breakfast," he said.

"Joe," he went on, "these folks better sleep in the baggage truck, *bub*?" Joe nodded.

"Any way you can heat it up for them?" "I been thinkin'," Joe said. "Only thing I can see, we can put some hot coals on a shovel. That'll give out a little heat."

"That's not so good," said the engineer. "They'd have to stay awake all night to keep the fire going. Let's go see." They lighted a lantern and swung down from the cab into the dark night. John scurried after them.

"Have you ever been stuck like this before?" Jan asked the fireman, as he went to work pushing the fire back and adding fresh coal.

"Not me," said the fireman. "I only took this job a month ago. This is as new to me as it is to you. But Carl—he's the engineer—he's been on this line twenty years. He'll look after things all right." He closed the fire door with a bang.

"Won't we be cold with that closed?" Jan asked.

"Won't make any difference," the fireman answered. "The whole boiler is full of hot water. It gives off heat just like a furnace. We'll sleep here on the floor tonight, and likely we'll be lots warmer than you will."

"Hey, Mom," came John's cheerful voice, "you ought to see our sleeping quarters now. We found a new garbage can that's being shipped and Joe's making a stove out of it. We're going to be fine. Come along."

He helped Mrs. Ramsey down from the cab. The fireman took a shovelful of live coals and followed them. Jan and Nella were alone in the engine cab, huddled together on the fireman's seat. The wind flapped the canvas curtains and blew swirls of snow around them.

"Oh, Nella," Jan said, "I'm trying not to let Mother know, but I've never been so scared. Have you?"

"What of?" Nella asked coolly, but, sitting close, Jan could feel her trembling.

"Oh, everything," Jan cried. "It's so frightening to know nobody can reach us. And especially not to have any food. That's a terrible feeling."

"You silly," said Nella gently. "People go for days without food and it doesn't kill them. It's only water that's a necessity, and there's certainly plenty of snow we can melt, isn't there?"

"Yes. Yes, of course. But you're frightened, too. You're shaky."

"Waynes don't get frightened. I'm only nervous," Nella corrected her. "It's just my nerves that are shaky, not me."

"Oh," said Jan, too astonished at fluffy little Nella to say more before John came back with the boots. The girls climbed down from the cab and followed John through the snowy dark to the baggage truck.

As they floundered along the path broken through the huge drifts, Jan began to feel hotly indignant instead of shivery. "The idea of Nella refusing to admit she's scared. 'Waynes don't get frightened.' I'll show her—Ramseys don't, either. And I'm not, now—I'm mad. At Nella and at myself and at this crazy mountain."

They came to the trailer, a small square of a boxcar, lit by the smoky lantern. "See our stove, girls," Mrs. Ramsey said cheerfully. "The men have made us a bed of gunny sacks and they've unrolled this big rag rug someone had ordered; that will help to keep us warm."

The crew left them with hearty good nights, and when Mrs. Ramsey and the girls huddled close together beneath the rag rug, John blew out the lantern. "Carl gave me his sheepskin jacket for a blanket," he said. "He told me he'd be plenty warm in the cab. I hope he's right."

It was not very comfortable in their boxcar shelter, with an eerie flicker of light coming from their garbage-can stove.

"Oh, you gals," came John's voice in the darkness, "the crew really seems proud of you three, not weeping and wailing or having hysterics over this stopover. They say I don't know how lucky I am—women don't usually make so little fuss."

This, from John, was like getting a medal of honor. Jan's heart grew warm. She went to sleep far sooner than she'd expected. She kept waking up, however; their bed was hard and all three occupants kept turning and twisting; the rag rug was heavy, but not really warm. Their feet grew icy, and Mrs. Ramsey fumbled in her suitcase and found her knitting bag. She gave Jan the wool scarf she had almost completed and Nella the wool socks that were there by good fortune, and wrapped her own feet in a gunny sack. Then they slept more soundly, but they were shivering and stiff when they woke in the bitterly cold morning.

"Where am I?" Jan groaned sleepily. Knowledge came suddenly upon her. She wished she could go back to sleep and forget their predicament, but at least the long night was over. Opening her eyes, she saw her mother looking at her with affectionate concern.

"Are you all right, darling?" Mrs. Ramsey asked.

"I'm absolutely dead," Jan answered energetically. "And I'm hungry. Aren't you? Ooh, it's cold. Is the fire out?"

"Joe came in not long ago and built it up again," Mrs. Ramsey answered. "It snowed most of the night, he said, and the telephone wires are down. They have an emergency telephone set, but it's useless. He says usually

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someone might get to us by snowshoes, but this is such a treacherous place for snowslides it's too dangerous for anyone to try. We'll just have to be patient, darling, till the snowplow can reach us."

"I know we're lucky, Mother, not to be in danger of freezing. But I can't help feeling starved, can you?"

"John has gone to bring us some hot water from the cab," Mrs. Ramsey said. "A drink of that will warm us, a least."

The baggage car began to feel a little cozier. Nella stirred, and then lifted her long lashes. "Ummm—what time is it?" she asked drowsily.

Mrs. Ramsey looked at her watch. "Why, it's nearly nine o'clock," she exclaimed. "We did have a good long sleep, after all."

Nella sat up and smiled radiantly at Mrs. Ramsey. "Happy birthday to you," she sang. "Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday, dear Mrs. Ramsey—"

"Happy birthday to you!" Jan—and John, coming in with the hot water—joined in vehemently.

"I'd forgotten it was your birthday," Jan exclaimed penitently.

"How would you like a nice snowdrift for a present, Mom?" John asked. "We have some fine ones fifteen and sixteen feet high."

"I have a birthday present for you from Mother, Mrs. Ramsey," Nella said. "That's what made my suitcase so heavy."

"Why, how dear of Elmer! And you, too, Nella—you shouldn't have bothered carrying it all this way."

"She said to give it to you on your birthday," Nella told her. "Will you hand me my bag, John?" She took out a large square box wrapped in lemon-yellow cellophane and tied with turquoise ribbons.

"Isn't it funny to see such a dainty package in our baggage car?" Jan laughed.

"Thank you, dear," Mrs. Ramsey said. She untied the ribbon and opened the box. "Why, Nella!"

"Oh!" cried Janet.

"What is it?" asked John, who was mending the fire. "What's the matter?"

"It's a cake," Jan shouted. "A cake, Johnny, my lad. A big fruitcake with almonds—a great, big cake!"

"Don't tell me news like that," said John warningly. "I'm too weak to stand it. Let's see, Mom."

Joe appeared at the door with more coal. He stood open-mouthed, looking at the gala scene. "Call the rest of the crew, Joe," Mrs. Ramsey said gaily. "Here is Nella, since we have no bread, letting us eat cake."

This historical reference was lost on Joe—he was already on his way to the engine.

Nella looked demurely at the Ramseys. "On my mother's birthday we always have cake and coffee, you see. So when Mother sent this cake, and I didn't know where we would be when we opened it, I bought powdered coffee and sugar and condensed milk to go with it—and some paper cups." She brought out the little packages. "Grapes, fruitcake, and coffee for a birthday breakfast party," she said. "Here comes the crew."

Nothing ever tasted so good as that fruity cake, they all thought. Nothing ever smelled so fragrant as the hot coffee. But Jan kept looking at Nella all through the gay breakfast. Finally she could stand it no longer.

"Nella," she said, "you knew you had those things last night, and you didn't tell any of us. And it would have relieved our minds so much."

"I know," Nella said, lowering her lashes, "but it was a surprise for your mother's birthday."

"Nella Wayne," cried Jan, "I could shake you. You did that just out of mischief. How

could you be mischievous and scared at the same time? I know you were scared."

"Well," Nella explained, after a moment's hesitation, "my great-grandfather always told Daddy that in the War between the States, when he felt frightened he took to laughing. And Daddy said he did, too, in the first World War. So last night I just laughed to myself."

In the early afternoon the sun came out, the wind died, and an hour or so later a plane was heard. The snowbound party ran out into the snow to catch a glimpse of it. It came flying toward them through the blue sky, made a circle and, flying low, dropped a large bundle with a red streamer attached to it.

"Golly," said Joe earnestly, "I sure hope that doesn't land on too steep a slope."

It didn't; it came down near the track several hundred feet behind the trailer. The snowbound party cheered and waved; the plane dipped its wings and flew off.

The men shoveled furiously through the drifts to recover the bundle. It proved to contain heavy blankets, plenty of food, and a note telling them the big rotary snowplow was on its way and would reach them the following morning.

Over a good hot supper of canned stew, Jan beamed at Nella. "I wish I could have kept it a secret from you that the snowplow is rescuing us tomorrow," she said. "It would serve you right if you had to lie awake and wonder about that tonight. Keeping that cake a secret! Such a—such a *minx*. Isn't that the word I want, Mother?"

"You know you like me better than you did when you thought I was a nice, sweet little thing you could trod underfoot," Nella told her with a chuckle.

"Trod underfoot! What language!" said Jan affectionately.

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17. When is a Girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding touches variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
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26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
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30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
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46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55¢ theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guérlain's Perfume" etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
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